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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

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Original Poetry.

GOOD-NIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are sweet young voices stealing
Softly on the evening air,
Little, graceful forms are kneeling,
Little hands are clasped in prayer;
Pure white lids are gently folded
O'er the blue eyes wild and bright,
Little, happy, lovely children
Bidding earth a glad Good-Night.

Now beneath the weight of slumber,
Like the dew-gems on the rose,
See the fair heads softly sinking,
And the bright eyes gently close.
Draw the curtains, loop them lightly,
Never was a fairer sight;
Little stainless angel children
Bidding earth a fair Good-Night.

Little care they for the even;
They are wearied with the day,
Tired alike of task and lesson,
Of the pleasure and the play.
They have sported in the bowers,
While the day was young and bright,
And with bees and birds and flowers,
Now they bid the earth Good-Night.

Heaven bless ye, little children!
Gentle, stainless, fragrant flowers;
Ye that shed the smiles of Eden
Round these homes and hearts of ours.
Homes and hearts, how dark and lonely
Would they be without your light!
Little, rosy, gladsome children,
Sweetly may ye rest—Good-Night!

E. C. HOLLY.

Original Story.

A STRAY PATCH FROM AUNT HANNAH'S QUILT; OR, THE RECORD OF THE WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

"One more patch, dear Aunt Hannah, just one more. You know I have not asked for one for six whole long months."

"How is it, Bell; when we first began our quilt, I remember you concluded that one patch a week, for two years, would complete the quilt, and that at the expiration of that time, you were to be married, and get up your own romance. Two years and more have gone by, and Miss *Isabella Warren* is still a member of my household, and for aught I can see, likely still to be for the two years to come."

"Well, aunty, I know, I confess," said Bell, dropping into the nearest chair, and patting the toe of a lilac colored gaiter a little impatiently upon Aunt Hannah's home-made carpet, "I know. But all the boys had not taken the California fever when I made that calculation. Everybody had not been to the 'World's Fair.' M'Cormick's reapers were not invented. The finality bill had not been passed. Nor the world been frightened out of its *too* senses by 'Woman's Rights' Conventions;' and furthermore, I had never read that part of the statutes of Ohio, contained in Chapter Forty-Seven, Section Forty-Three, which gives so generously to the widow of a man, 'all spinning-wheels, weaving-looms, and cooking stoves; all the flax, wool and cooking utensils; the husband's old clothes, and the ornaments of a widow,' &c., besides the heavy responsibility of 'one table, six chairs, six knives and forks, six plates, six tea cups and saucers, one sugar-dish, *one* milk-pot, one tea-pot, and twelve spoons.' No, no, I had never read that law, and, of course, had never duly considered the awful weight of responsibility that such an amount of property would throw upon me."

"And so you have concluded to follow my example, and—"

"Not I. To tell you the plain truth, Aunt Hannah, Duncan had never then seen the queenly Marie Scott; nor had I been to Boston to spend a winter; *and so*, and so you must know, Duncan has gone to California, and I am—"

Bell blushed and hesitated.

"Going to die, or go crazy, I suppose," said Aunt Hannah.

"Neither," said Bell, with emphasis, drawing herself up proudly. "When that attachment was formed we were both children; neither had come to years of discretion. And having but few associates, none superior to ourselves, as we then thought, we fancied we were irretrievably in love with each other, and swore everlasting, eternal, never-dying affection on the strength of a three months' flirtation, just as a million of simpletons have done before, and most like will do again. I am not at all sure but I promised to 'die or go crazy,' according to the most approved practice, if ever

'A change came o'er the spirit of his dreams.'

But you know I went to Boston, and a year's absence gave both of us time to think. And when I returned, bringing with me my splendid Cousin Marie, I placed before my sworn, true knight an irresistible temptation, a fairer, finer, and more accomplished woman than myself, a woman answering in body and soul to his ideal more than I did, or ever could hope to do."

"Why, Bell, you perfectly astonish me. I supposed you still affianced to Duncan, and only waiting his return, to carry out the plan of your (as you say) childhood."

"No! Aunt, that's all done with. I noticed (not without pain, I own,) his growing admiration for Marie. I noticed, too, her changing cheek and flurried manner, and the light that played over her brow when he was by, and the shade that fell upon it when he was absent. I probed my own heart to the very core, and though I found there a deep love, and a willingness to abide my part of the contract, I felt also (I could not help it) that he had a right to love Marie. She was one better adapted to his proud ambition, and his lofty hopes, than I. She was more beautiful, more accomplished, more enthusiastic, more everything to suit his aspiring mind. He had often said to me in our long talks, before I went East, 'Bell, when I get my wings poised and just ready to soar, somehow you always tie them down and keep me near the earth. Come, now, be enthusiastic with me—let us both fly together.' Marie was always ready to soar with him, and they often took their flights of fancy far above earth, where my better judgment warned me not to follow. Again and again he said to me, (without even for one moment seeming to show me the least relapse in affection)—'Oh, Bell, how I wish you could feel as Marie feels about this, and that, and the other.' All this was to me significant. He would have sacrificed his life rather than have proved recreant to me. I looked with steady gaze into the future, and felt that though we might love on and ever, we should never fully harmonize; he would still wish I could think, and feel, and be as Marie, and I should be Bell still.

"Love is no cringing servant, to do every body's bidding; we can no more help loving what is loveable, than we can help hating that which is hateful.

"Duncan was loveable, and Marie loved him despite every effort to the contrary. I saw her terrible struggle with herself. I saw her cheek grow pale. I knew the cause. What was my duty? I made up my mind that straight forward truth and unselfishness would do better work for us all than any murmuring or prevarication. So I deliberately took Duncan by the hand one bright, winter morning, looked him steadily in the face, and asked the question, 'If you were not betrothed to me, if you stood clear of all engagements, and were left at liberty to decide between us, which would be your choice, myself or Marie?' I bade him peremptorily answer the truth as he regarded the future peace of all three. For a moment he was startled. He was wakened as with a clap of thunder from a long sleep. But it was but a moment ere his clear eye surveyed the whole ground, and his great manly heart answered without fear of offence. 'Marie. But,' said he, 'Isabel, what of that? *I am not* so disengaged, but by every feeling and every tie of my manhood I am pledged to you, and I have never yet, by the slightest word or thought, violated my trust.' All this was followed, of course, by a long, long confidential talk, which ended in our dissolving partnership by mutual consent. He left very soon after for California under promise, that if, at the expiration of one year, we both should feel that it was best to live apart, that we would then each feel at liberty to enter into any other engagement. We were to write the same day; and you would think, aunt, that we had striven to express the very same ideas, in different words, so exactly were our thoughts alike. And thus have we both escaped by using a little good common sense, a life, not of misery, perhaps, but of cold, half-sympathizing, half-harmony. He will marry Marie, and they are just the two that should live together, and I shall do just as I please of course."

"A wise conclusion, my dear girl, and yet I am so surprised. Do you remember that I once said to you that your tempers were too dissimilar? I always thought it would not be quite right for you to marry Duncan, though I do think that you would have lived more pleasantly together than half the world."

"We will let that all pass now. I don't love to talk about it or I should have told you long ago. But I do love to think that I have made two great and good hearts happy for life. But that story surely you will not refuse me, now that I have told you one? What was that one you began the other day about one Heptiah Cobb supporting his wife. You were interrupted by a call from Mrs. Dewey, you know?"

"Oh, yes, I remember. But are we not both a little too solemn for such a story?"

"Not a bit of it. I am just ready to be cheered and comforted."

And Bell dropped her hands into her lap, dropped herself down into a lackadaisical attitude, and said, "there." And Aunt Hannah began:—

"Leander Fitz Merron was the oldest son of his father, a well-to-do farmer, near the neat village of Cornoff, upon the meandering waters of the Wahoo."

"Why," said Bell, straightening up with a look of surprise, "I thought you were going to tell me about Heptiah Cobb, son of old Deacon Cobb, of Cobbtown, down on the Kinokaninck Creek?"

"Well, so I was. But I thought, from your die-away air, that Mr. Leander Fitz Merron, of Cornoff, would suit you vastly better than 'our Heptia;' and as Wahoo and Kinokaninck mean the same thing in Indian, I chose the most musical name of the two. Besides, I have some fancy for being fashionable, and giving my heroes and heroines pleasant-sounding names, as well as other people; so, as I have a very plain story to tell, I shall insist upon embellishing it as much as I can, and not make a new story out of it."

"Leander Fitz Merron was the oldest son of his father, a well-to-do farmer near the neat village of Cornoff, upon the meandering waters of the Wahoo. Old Deacon Fitz Merron belonged to that class of conservatives who ever and forever aimed

'For the mark that others chalk,'

but without any cringing. And it is reported of the good man to this day, that he did carry his grist to mill with a big stone, which he kept on purpose in the other end of the bag; hung a horse-shoe over the stable-door, to keep the witches from his horses, and never failed to plant his potatoes in the full of the moon.

"Be this true or false, there was nobody that had any better grists ground, kept any finer, fatter, or more spirited horses, or raised more of the 'waxy or mealy' vegetables to the acre. The morning sun never caught him in bed, and (I was going to say) the evening sun never caught him out of it; but that would not have been quite true, though he went to his rest about as regularly as the old dominick rooster, who always found his perch on the end of a projecting log of the cabin, near by the head of the deacon's bed, and had aroused the whole household by his clarion shrill, just at daybreak, for seventeen years; or ever since Elza Cobb and his wife Patty, (I forgot) Augustus Fitz Merron and his beloved Margaretta, had taken possession of that same cabin the day after they were pronounced *man* and wife by Justice Pickenbaum; who, as he always commenced all the lines in a subpœna with capitals, made small, unpompous i's, and wrote you y-e-w, could not be expected to understand that certain forms of law changed any relations of life for a man, though he fully comprehended that a woman, when she became a wife, ceased to be; therefore, I suppose, it was, that the good Justice Pickenbaum always pronounced the happy pairs whom he was called upon to join together in the 'holy bands of '*matero-money*,' as he spelled it, '*Man* and wife.'

"But, as I was saying, Elza and Patty pshaw! I can't remember, Bell, I never could tell anything but plain truth, never could call things by wrong names, if I tried ever so hard; so now I am just going to quit trying, and instead of attempting to make my hero and heroine *sound* more refined, I will say Elza and Patty, Hepa and Nancy, as other folks called them in their day, and let my story take its chance. For, as I said before, it's nothing but a *very* common-place, every-day tale, at best.

"Well, Elza and Patty lived in that same log-cabin, twenty feet square, for seventeen years. There had been born and bred in that one room, up to that time, ten young *Cobbs*, the eldest of which was Hepa—as he was called for short. Elza Cobb never dreamed but what there was room enough; if there was not, he could not see it nor feel it. 'It was big enough for all his wants.' Surely, there was room enough for the big dresser, with five shelves, in the North-East corner, at the right hand of the big stone chimney; and that dresser was right nice, too, when it was scoured white with sand from the brook, and rushes from the pond. True, it was only boards laid upon long wooden pins driven in the wall, but then it was so roomy and showy; that dresser, when the tin pans and pewter plates were all burnished up like silver, and set one by one, making the background of the two lower shelves; then the two next were adorned by long rows of crimped, blue-edged plates and platters, shining and glossy from every meal.

"But the tea-cups and saucers were the most conspicuous. Set in rows upon the edge of the shelf, the cup within the saucer, and each showing in bold relief a cluster of red and green 'Johnny Jumpups,' growing luxuriantly upon a hair stem of deep blue, dressed with rose leaves. Beside every tea-cup in every saucer, as attractive as the 'Johnny Jumpups' themselves, was a polished old-fashioned silver spoon, all of which had been the property of Patty's great grandmother, before the war. For Patty's family had been well-off before gran'sire went into the army, and lost his property by dealing in continental money. But there were a great many things arrayed to the best advantage on that dresser, 'and every thing had its place, and there seemed a place for everything.' No wonder Elza thought there was room enough, for there was plenty of room in the opposite corner, South-West, for the big bed, where father and mother and the two youngest always slept. Room enough, too, for the broad trundle-bed, that set through the day nicely tucked up under the shadow of the big one. And that big bed, with its neat patched bed-quilt, its snow white, home-made, linen pillow cases, trimmed with home-made netting fringe, had its exact counterpart, trundle-bed and all, in the other corner of the house, and there seemed to be room enough, and to spare. Far behind each, draping the wall in rich profusion, hung a brilliant array of the household gear, in all the variety of stripe and check, and of all sizes and shapes, from little Tommy's last new red and green linsey, of a foot long, up to mother's old, time revered brocade, of orange and blue, which had descended to Patty with the silver spoons."

"What, hang a brocade silk up in a log cabin for years and years, among the linseys and home-made linens?"

"La child, no, not every day, I am only telling you how she fixed up when she had a party."

"A party!" said Bell, lifting up her hands and rolling up her eyes in utter amazement, "A party in a house with one room, four beds, all the frocks and pants, and the great dresser. You don't expect me to believe that?"

"A party, to be sure, and nice parties they were, too. I tell you, Bell, I have thought that there was more real heartfelt enjoyment in a log cabin party, where the good wife was of a cheerful temper, and bound to make the most of every thing, than in a dozen of your fashionable 'soirees,' where everything and everybody, room or no room, has to be squeezed, body and soul, by rule. Patty always put the 'best foot foremost,' the lightest outside; and on such occasions the orange and blue brocade took its place at the head of the room, just as its former aristocratic owner might have been supposed to have occupied hers among her ladies in her own old baronial castle in 'merrie England.' I have seen elegance and grace, I have been a looker on when refined gentleness, or unbending dignity, have played their part, but I have never seen any one that could make a company feel more at their ease than Patty Cobb, or make them more fully forget that they were crowded, than when she would, with a graceful wave of her hand, invite them 'to sit over in the parlor, while she spread the table in the dining-room;' reminding them at the same time, 'that it was not everybody that was blessed with kitchen, wash-room, dining-room, bed-rooms, and parlors as she was, and hoping, as they had the range of her extensive establishment, they would all make themselves *perfectly* at home, and as comfortable as possible.' It required grace, dignity, adroitness, cheerfulness, age, beauty, and strength, too, to make and cook short biscuit for a company of thirty, in a skillet before a big fire, and all that company looking on, and do it with honor to one's self."

"I should think so. Oh, Aunt Hannah, how could people live?"

"Live, child, why comfortably, usefully, honestly; and their children, and their children's children will rise up and call them blessed for generations to come."

"But you have not heard of half the furniture of that room. There was one more corner, the one where the ladder leaned up into the loft, under which set the cupboard, where mar'm Cobb stowed away the mince-pies, doughnuts, pickles, jellies, preserves, honey pots, &c., &c. Anybody that could not have satisfied his or her appetite to the full in that cupboard under the ladder, any time, 'Free November 'till October,' deserved to go to bed supperless, and not be pitied.

"Between this closet and the door which fronted the East, stood the water-bench, and on sundry nails above hung the wash-bowls, the wash gourd bound with blue calico, the tin-cups, the gourd-dipper, the skillet with a hole in the handle, the pewter porringers, tin basins, and the never-neglected, never-lost-sight-of polished white hickory mush-stick. Besides divers and sundry other indispensables to the kitchen, as Mrs. Patty Cobbs used to call this corner, when she had company.

"Opposite the door, between the bed and the great dresser, sat an imposing black walnut bureau, which called for reverence and respect by its worn edges, and soiled and stained surface, that the glossy diaper cover with its deep fring and pendant tassels could not fully screen. Above this hung the twelve-by-fourteen looking-glass, festooned all about with strings of bird's eggs, spotted, white, and blue, choicely intermingled, and which were only matched, in grace and beauty, by the long thread-case, made of bits of choice calico and strips of ribbon and silk, to each of which was attached in the memory of Patty, at least

'Its tale of love, its dream of joy,
Its own unequalled bright romance.'

And this thread-case, Bell, so neatly stitched, so tastefully tied; every little pocket held more treasures than many a fashionable lady's whole array of fancy fixins. Ah, there were souvenirs there that made the heart throb whenever they were brought into the light of day. There was kept the little lock of golden hair that had been clipped with bitter tears from the head of sweet blue-eyed Violet, the fourth child, named from the wild spring blossoms which gave earth almost the hue of heaven in the merry spring-time, in their fresh dewed fields and meadows. Sweet little Violet, she passed away even as the sweet flowers, her namesakes; and her deep, blue eyes and golden hair were shut out from the sight of the longing, loving mother one calm, soft evening in May, while the wild thrush sung her requiem in the sugar-maple above her resting place. The school children planted the soft mound of rich earth, that was heaped up by sun-brown hands above the loved little sleeper, all over with violets—and for many a year they came, when the blue-bird was building her nest, the white lambs playing by the brook-side, and the corn blades springing in the long deep furrows, to gather nosegays and drop their tears of regret, and to talk with suppressed voices, of the 'best and gone,' beside the Violet bed at the foot of the great maple.

"Years, long years of active, busy, useful life had passed, since that 'golden lock' was deposited in the upper pocket of the thread-case, in the same bit of paper that held a precious relic, shining with the silvery rime of eighty winters, taken from the head of a sainted grandmother, and another even more precious, where here and there a tinge of gray told of hardship, toil and years, which Patty had clipped from the head of her weeping mother when she bade her farewell, at 'merrie seventeen,' a 'winsome bride' just leaving her childhood-home to brave the dangers and endure the toils of a home in the wilderness.

"The mother's eye never fell upon that thread-case, but her heart sent up a silent prayer that the spirits of those loved ones would hover near and guard her and the household from harm.

"Many other things there were in that thread-case, that held their talismanic power over the destiny of the good wife and mother. But we can't stay now to tell them all. In the centre of the north end of the house, and on the left hand of the door whose leather latch-string was always out, was the great fire place, and such a fire-place. It was not to be wondered at that all the Cobbs were an embodiment of health and strength, for how could dyspepsia, consumption, liver complaint, asthma, neuralgia, or even nervousness find their way into a sleeping apartment ventilated like that. All the ghosts, of all the

'Ills that flesh is heir to'

might have been committed to the flames, and purified 'as by fire,' in that great chimney where little short of a cord of hickory, sugar-maple and beach were daily consumed.

"Ah, many a fat wild turkey that had been victimized for trespassing upon the corn and wheat, by the unerring rifle that hung so cozily on the dog-wood hooks over the beach mantel, was roasted by its slow fire, and whirled its giddy round until *done brown*, while the good farmers, circled with their thrifty wives around that same. And many a tale of border warfare, wild wood hunt and Indian peril, kept their appetites at bay, until the turkey was duly roasted upon its string, and the corn pone done to a proper richness in the Dutch oven in the corner. Many a haunch of venison, too, many a rabbit, squirrel, partridge and wild pigeon shared the fate of the pilferring turkey, and were either stewed or roasted for the good of the family.

"Oh, for the days of great chimneys and open fire-places, and good sugar-tree wood, instead of air-tight stoves and stone coal."

"And the days of 'one room,' Aunt Hannah, with four beds, a bureau, big dresser, closet, water bench, pans, spoons and ladles, all in a heap."

"Why, no, Bell, I don't exactly pray for those days, but it does seem to me that people might appropriate the improvements of the age, without taking with them all the follies and evils.

"But I have not finished the inventory of the furniture, and I want to tell the whole story, for the days of thrifty, comfortable, log-cabin life are nearly ended in Ohio, and I would fain have one truthful description in my 'Record of the West.'

"Opposite to the fire-place, and between the two beds, stood the family table, of plain walnut, dressed with wax, and bright as varnished mahogany. At one end of this was a neat white pine chest, covered, usually, with a folded, double coverlet, making a seat, soft and comfortable, for two, at least. Over the table was a window; on each side of this, high enough to be out of the way, were long shelves, piled up with sheets, pillow-cases, blankets, spreads, quilts, and double coverlets; here, too, was a small shelf, appropriated to books. The newspaper was filed upon a nail, in another spare nook; and, ticking its everlasting, never-varying round, of seconds, minutes, hours, days, months and years, was the old family clock, which for half a century had told time for the Cobbs, with the precision of the sun.

"A thing of great pride was this tall old frame, with its hanging appendages of strings and weights, its gaudy, full-moon face, looking benignly down from the top, and its corners of gay poppies and roses. There was a plain deal mixing-table, that found a place, and a circular light stand, that turned up edgewise against the foot of one bed, while two or three chairs kept tally at the lower extremities of the other. These chairs were generally in their places, and privileged characters, being what was denominated Windsors, while the home-manufactured frames, with their split and twisted bottoms, not being quite so aristocratic, stood where careless hands chose to set them. The unhewn logs overhead were made to support a whole pendant museum. An oval basket of coarse braided rye straw, hung suspended, and protected from bruises and dust Patty's Sunday-go-to-meeting cap, bonnet, shawl and gloves—the latter were made of a young fawn skin of her own dressing, and dyed a beautiful orange with the bark of the yellow oak. Near by, and as if to keep the bonnet in heart, was Elza's fur hat, which had gone to meeting with that same bonnet

'Thro' Summer's heat and Winter's cold,'

and consequently had a perfect right to hang on the next peg all through the week.

"Then there were skeins of stocking yarn, of all colors and shades, hanks of sewing-thread, bundles of filling and warp, both wool and linen, heaps of well heckeled, smooth, glossy flax, a pole filled well with the family hose, festoons of dried apples, peaches and pumpkins, bags of dried blackberries, raspberries, currants, cherries, &c. Choice ears of corn hung by the nicely braided husk, seed peas strung in the pod, and—"

"Oh, Aunt Hannah, don't tell anything more, if you do I shall not be able to believe one word of all you've said; surely nobody ever did live in such a cluttered room, that had so many things to do with, and so much to do as all this seems to bespeak? I can't understand it."

"Just one article more, Bell, I must mention, and that was the long cradle which served as a cradle and sofa, a lounge and a bed, and always stood somewhere conspicuous, as the most treasured, the most used, and the most loved of all the valuables of that 'one room.'

"You wonder why the Cobbs lived thus. That was what I began to tell you. They had to live so at first, and as Elza seldom got up a new idea, he could not be easily persuaded that any possible change could benefit any living thing about his premises. Indeed if he had been consulted about the propriety of hanging up one string of dried apples, or a fresh bunch of pennyroyal, he would have objected to the change; but Patty knew him like a book, so hung up just what she pleased, fixed things to suit herself, and he never seemed to know that anything had been moved one jot or tittle.

"But if Elza was conservative, moved slow, went to bed and got up with the sun, Patty did not. Active, prompt, persevering, ingenious and ambitious, she made things move, and (speaking after the fashion of the times,) was much the better man of the two.

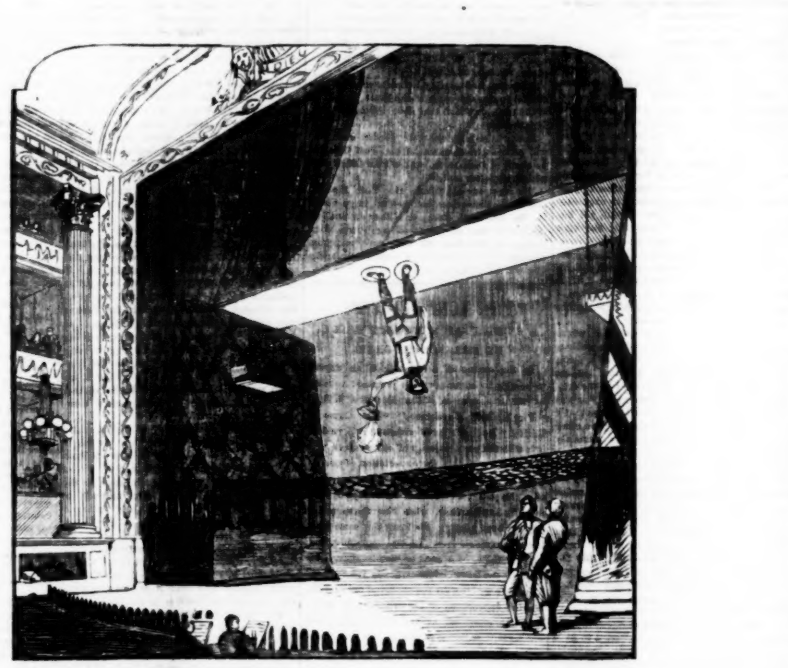
"It was she that insisted the children should be sent to school, whenever there was a school to send them to; she that did the work, that they might not be missed in the household arrangements. She that sat up till midnight, patching, darning, making and knitting, that they should never be untidy. She who formed them into a little club, pledged to eat no butter till they had saved enough, by the self-denial, to take a newspaper. She that wore her old bonnet one year longer, that Hepa and Jane might have a Philosophy. And it was she, who by dint of long coaxing and contrivance, persuaded Elza that Hepa, their eldest born, ought to be sent to college. 'A continual dropping weareth away stones,' said a wise man, and so it was, I suppose, that Hepa was sent to college: for to college he did actually go just as he was entering his eighteenth year, where we will leave him for four years to pursue, as his father would have done before him, the even tenor of his way. For Hepa was emphatically the child of his father, and had a full intuition in his own soul, that whether he moved or sat still, or slept or waked, that all the important things happening within the sphere of his influence, was brought about solely by his superior wit and wisdom. If the truth must be told, both Hepa and his father were 'mighty conceited,' so said the neighbors.

"'Patience and perseverance will remove mountains,' was a proverb that Patty fully believed in; as she had removed the next thing to a mountain, when she got the good man's consent to send Hepa to college, she resolved to remove the mountain itself next, and so there loomed up beside the old log-house a great square brick, with six rooms below, and four above, every one of them nearly as long as the one 'old room.' Elza, poor man, groaned in spirit sometimes, but somehow he had so long been convinced by actual experiment that Patty knew best, that he gave all up into her hands, and ploughed, and sowed, and hoed, and reaped, and smoked his pipe, read his newspaper, and went to meeting as if nothing was going on. 'You know best' grew into a stereotyped phrase, and was used morning, noon and night, till the whole house was completed, and all put to rights. But when Elza and Patty seated themselves for the first time in the nice sitting-room, all flashing and bright with the brilliant home-made carpet, the snowy walls, and snowy window-curtains, its comfortable lounges and cozy arm-chair, he did acknowledge, much to Patty's delight, something after this fashion—'Wall, I swow, mammy, this is kinder nicer than the old hut, ain't it? Now you will have to acknowledge, of course, that I did about the right thing when I procured it? It's not every man that would a done it.' Patty said 'yes,' of course, and her eyes filled with tears, and her heart swelled with gratitude that she could be thus blest."

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

☞ There is a tight-rope dancer in San Francisco who offers to walk across the ocean, provided some one will chalk the equinoxial line for him. Due notice will be given of the start.

Our Picture Gallery.



SANDS, THE AIR WALKER.

Many years since, a certain Sieur Sarches accomplished the feat of walking on the ceiling at the Surrey Theatre, England. *How* this was effected we are not prepared to say: it is stated to have been by the employment of hooks. Mr. Sands's contrivance, however, is different. He acknowledges to have received the *secret* from a scientific man, and first accomplished the feat at Auburn. Whilst attempting it, at Penyann, Mr. Sands fell, and was much injured; he, however, completed the task, but was ill for some months after. The arrangements for the performance are as follows:—From two lofty draped supports is placed a temporary ceiling, 20 feet in length, and consisting of a stout timber framing, with a smooth surface; at each end is a slung seat; and beneath the ceiling a net, provided in case of accident. Mr. Sands prepares himself by lacing sandals over his boots, to which are attached brass loops; and these are connected, by springs, with a pair of platter-like soles, in which lies the secret, as they are brought to the theatre in a locked box, and conveyed away with similar caution at the close of the performance. Mr. Sands commences by ascending a ladder to one of the slung seats, and, lying upon his back by aid of the ropes, places his platter shod feet upon the ceiling, then gently detaching himself, he very slowly walks across the platform, occasionally poising himself on one leg; thus he reaches the seat at the opposite end, and descends by the ladder. It is surmised that the support is occasioned by the hollow soles being exhausted of air, upon the same principle as that by which a fly walks upon the ceiling—the performer's feet being detached by the pressure of a valve, which re-admits the air. The performance throughout is very neatly executed—and shows that "some things can be done as well as others."

Pictures of Life.

A PIRATE'S LIFE IN BORNEO.

FROM SHARPE'S LONDON MAGAZINE.

Now and then a report still comes of buccaniers ravaging among the islands of the East. Such stories used to be common when Saracen freebooters pillaged ships and cities in Europe; when the scarlet flag blazed along the coasts of Italy and Spain; when Christians were sold in the markets of Morocco by the rovers of Sallee. But they were supposed to be chronicles of the past, fragments for history, traditions for romance; now, however, within a few years, the color of the tale has revived: we have again heard of the merchantman being plundered and murdered, or made captive; of the town being sacked—its defenders put to the sword, and its women and children sold into Mahommedan harems. The tints of the picture, too, are terribly picturesque as ever. The pirate comes from a secluded haunt far up a river in an unexplored island: he sails about with a fleet, with his fighting men in crimson vests, armed with mighty two-handled swords, and his vessel adorned with barbaric insignia of war; he conceals himself among rocks, or in secret creeks; he attacks the lonely village with firebrands, and carries mothers and their infants, and maidens, to sell to some rich Indian prince; he is stealthy, cruel, remorseless, and greedy of gain; and when he has freighted his boats with plunder, he goes home with music and songs, to revel during the indolent season, in his village. A panoramic view of the Bornean pirates' life, drawn without one imaginative touch, is as curious a picture of human modes of existence as the mind can conceive.

Imagine a valley embosomed among low hills, with mountains rising up more remotely on both sides. Through the middle flows a river, wide and full, into which the tropical light seems to melt in soft, red ripples. Large pearl-white lilies, with their rich green leaves, lie in cool patches on the surface, and the shade of palms plays waveringly near the banks. Soft-edged creeks, here and there, have little shallops lying in them, which leap and fall with the water, and point their light stems above the flowers on the brink. Fields of rice undulate along the valley, which they paint with lustrous, but tender green. Feathery palm-tufts cast their shadows here and there, amid cottages, poultry-yards, pig and goat sheds, which are scattered about with plantations of sugar-cane, bananas, and Indian corn. In the gardens, neatly fenced around, are regular beds of onions, cabbages, and lettuces, laid out in the prim fashion of China, where everything is as formal as a Dutch tile. Chinese captives are supposed to perform these tasks for the pirate epicures of Borneo. Between the rich cultivated grounds are cattle pastures, where the sleek herds feed, and in some of the freebooters' retreats, a huge granary, raised on high pillars, on a rising ground, contains stores of grain safe from inundations.

The main village, however, is among most of the Dyak pirates, one mighty building, elevated on piles about forty feet high, and four feet thick. It may be a hundred and fifty yards long; in front is a verandah, beyond which the shadowy eaves droop to keep it cool. Within, a single apartment, or vast broad corridor, stretches the whole length of the edifice; opening into this common room, are numerous small chambers in the rear, which are appropriated to married couples. Mats tapestry the walls, screen the windows, and carpet the floor; thrashing and knitting machines occupy the corners; on a sort of frame hanging from the roof are deposited culinary implements and stores. The fire-places are shallow boxes of thick wood, filled with clay, and covered with narrow stones; they are each supported by four strong posts, passing from the earth through the floor, and upwards through the roof. Their wood is piled as a frame-work above, and is collected by the women. Their only table is the springy bamboo flooring they tread upon; a small block about three inches thick is their seat and their pillow; while their plates are broad, fragrant leaves.

Along the walls hang armor, naked swords, gongs, shields, and articles of martial apparel. Beneath these are the coffin-shaped beds, which lie like troughs, a foot or two above the floor. Occasionally there may be seen an English cabinet, a musical box, a liqueur stand, a watch, a lady's dress, or some children's toys—the relics of a sad story. Outside, too, a chain-cable, hanging on posts, a heavy great-gun, or an anchor, marked "Deptford," tells of some good ships fate, and the fate of some lost ones, long wept for in the "Wish-ton-Wish" of their distant homes.

These are the first signs that the romantic place we have been examining is the dwelling of a race of bloody pirates. But looking up, you perceive numberless human skulls, pendant in swinging festoons from the beams under the thatch, with bundles of thigh and arm bones disposed between; and in hidden coves you know that huge war-boats lie, under a screen of foliage, waiting for the pirate's season, when they rush forth from the peaceful home, to gain more wealth by massacre and pillage.

We might imagine these freebooters without ruth to have lost all the gentler feelings of human nature: but no men lose these altogether. As Nero had an elegant taste in art, so has the pirate a graceful sentiment of the poetical in feeling, and the picturesque in scene. His burying-ground stands on an easy slope, with the oblong wooden tombs, on tall, slim pillars, scattered amid fragrant and flowering shrubs. He visits the spot with a religious awe. He inscribes a rude, but pious charactery on the tenement of the dead; he decorates it fantastically with the white bark of the palm, and he keeps it neat, clean and sacred from spoliation.*

In this retreat the pirate tribe, composed, perhaps, of mixed Malays and Dyaks, spend a portion of the year. By the aid of their prisoners they cultivate their fields and gardens, attend to their villages, collect their crops, gather the useful products of their woods—cocoa-nuts, wax, honey, and rattans; barter with wandering traffickers from the coasts, and build war-boats, or prepare weapons. Their women share the heaviest labor with the men. In their idle hours, they smoke tobacco or opium, gamble, amuse themselves with cock-fighting, and feast according to their means. Then, in the evening, they sit about their raised hearths in the great room of their village-house, talking, planning expeditions, or relating martial anecdotes, which excite them to dances and pantomimic manœuvres. As the night deepens, the fires burn low; the embers throw out a duller glare; the noise lessens; the pirates steal one by one to their trough-shaped sleeping couches; the married pairs pass under mat hangings to their chambers; and gradually silence falls over the whole community. Now and then a Dyak rises quietly from his bed, comes to the fire, blows the embers into a flame, and warms himself, retiring to make room for another, who may just be rising like a shadow in the twilight of the vast apartment.

But this quiet tenor of life lasts only during a part of the year. The season of piracy regularly comes round, when booty and slaves are to be collected and sold, and the buccaniers are to enrich themselves for another period of indolent gratification. Then all the warriors of the tribe are summoned. Messages are sent to the other tribes, which come in with there boats to the place of rendezvous. Some live too far up towards the sources of the river to be able to launch any war-vessels of their own; they, therefore, come either in light canoes, or through secret paths in the jungle, for there are communications between the pirate villages known only to themselves. The warriors come down sometimes singly, with their wooden bucklers, and short, heavy swords; sometimes in twos and threes; sometimes pouring out of the forest in a continuous line. All the valley is full of motion. The vessels are hauled out of the creeks; their keels are examined; they are stored with rice and bread-cakes, and other provisions; and the complement of arms is reckoned over. When all is ready, a treble line of roofed boats is drawn up along the banks, so that a village seems to have been set afloat; a bright fire blazes in each, and groups of pirates collect to make ready for the start. But a very important preparation is the change of dress. The usual costume of the sea Dyaks is very simple; in ordinary weather it is merely a long scarf bound about the waist with the broad ornamented ends hanging down front and behind; in cold seasons a coarse cotton jacket of plain color is also worn; but when an expedition is on foot a number of brass rings are passed through the ear, sometimes as many as eighteen, brass armlets and anklets are put on, or white bracelets of shell, or strings of panthers' teeth. Thick padded jackets, capable of resisting a spear's point, defend their bodies, and fillets of red cloth, worked in patterns with shells and adorned with feathers, constitute their head-dress. A large chopping knife is suspended from the left side of the waist, and a little bamboo case on the other, with some trifling necessaries. Their arms are spears and swords.

The whole flotilla starts at once. A hundred gongs are beaten. A loud shout from front to rear gives the signal. Innumerable gaudy streamers fly from the sterns and sterns. Guns are fired. The homestayers wave a farewell from the shore; the pirates utter a sonorous adieu from the river. The huge mass is in motion, propelled by many vigorous arms. The swift, long, snake-shaped boats fly forward under the impulse of forty paddles; the heavier vessels roll under their double banks of oars. As the tide rushes down, slashing and white with foam, the mass of craft acquires a more rapid motion. The evening falls; the pirates cry, "Row, row" from boat to boat; the chiefs, of Arab blood, monotonously chaunt the Koran; and this strange armament, charged with an adventure of rapine and death, makes way towards the sea.

The light, slim war-boats of the Dyaks are often seventy feet in length, very high in the stem and stern, and so buoyant that when empty, they seem merely to dip into the water in the middle. The have a flat keel, and are made of planks only tied by rattans, caulked with soft bark, and well oiled. They have monstrous figure-heads highly painted, and have lately added grape shot bulwarks. When fighting, they approach headforemost, so many of the crew continuing sitting to paddle, and so many standing up, each with a sheaf of wooden-pointed spears by his side, and others of iron to be used at close quarters. They are often heroically brave, and lately have learned the value of fire-arms, for there were twelve hundred muskets in the fleet which was fortunately destroyed in 1849. Unless they are afraid of a larger force meeting them, they go boldly down the river, and near the sea are usually joined by their Malay allies, in vessels more formidable than their own—large, solidly-built craft, well armed and powerfully manned. Thus reinforced they dash out of the mouth of the stream upon the open sea, waving flags, beating their brazen drums, singing their pirate pæans, and demonstrating the fiercest joy in their anticipations of havoc and plunder.

Generally, however, when approaching their victims they go stealthily along under the shady shore, or by night, and attacking a village suddenly, cut off its inhabitants without any danger to themselves. Sometimes they send a few men disguised, to approach the fishers near the beach in a friendly manner, and murder them unawares. They despatch small parties up the creeks and rivers to be in wait for girls who come down for water or to bathe, and carry them off, since a fine-shaped, fullgrown Dyak damsel is valuable in the savage slave-markets of Borneo.

There is a phantasy-like romance in the varied picture of pirate navigation in these Indian seas, on the coasts of islands that are bright with birds and flowers, and redolent of perfume. Over all the waters wander to and fro warlike marauders, changing the peace of prosperity into the repose of death, and transfiguring beauty into desolation. In one channel the voyager may see ninety lofty-built ships of Mindanao, every one with fifty men on its high deck, in scarlet vestments, each with plates of armor glittering on his back and breast; and his helmet flashing with the plumes of the bird of Paradise. His waist is encircled by a gold and crimson sash of rich silk; the hilt of his sword is ornamented with red streamers; his long buckler jingles with bright brass rings, and his tremendous two-handled scimitar glitters in rivalry with his crest. His vessel sweeps up the foam as it flies along at the head of a formidable line; and ditties like the old Grecian songs of the heroic years are chanted from crew to crew in a cadence keeping time with the rise and dip of the oars. Streamers of white palmetto leaf flow out in the wind; and, perhaps, a mighty sail is spread, under which the prahu seems to leap along the waves.

When they approach an European port, or are afraid of falling in with a ship of war, these buccaniers disguise themselves, conceal their arms, put on sober-colored clothes, and distribute into twos and threes. They are often seen at the mouth of a river, with the ill-concealed scarlet garments peeping forth from beneath their fishermen's habits, and the two-handled sword flashing by the side of an innocent oar or net. Other classes of pirates have different kinds of boats, and a peculiar economy; but in their general system there is a strange similarity between them all. Now and then, however, you may see a petty thief cautiously paddling alone along the shore, intent on kidnapping some stray child or woman, or cutting off a fisherman's head, or carrying away a few baskets of rice. But from the solitary pirate, marauding for himself, to the confederated horde dividing their gains like a nation, they are all the avowed and destructive enemies of civilization and trade. When they meet a sago-boat, or any unarmed merchantman, they immediately pillage it and seize the crew. Many European ships have, in this manner, been captured, as well as an infinite number of Indian boats laden with English goods.

The larger vessels are often hidden among rocks, shoals and islands, or in woody creeks, while the smaller ones go to collect booty, which they bring to them to form their homeward cargo. But on a great expedition to sack a village, the whole force is employed. The approach is made quietly until the pirates are discovered, when they rush forward in martial attitude, dancing, shaking their spears, striking their gongs as the Greeks struck their shields, and shouting martial songs more terrible than those of the Huron or Cherokee. They sack and burn the dwellings; they capture the young persons of both sexes; they murder the old and the sick; they slaughter the cattle; they burn the granaries, trample down the standing crops, insult the women, and torture the men. They have been known to flay a woman, and make her skin into a banner.

Then, from the coast which they have filled with uproar and terror they disappear as suddenly and completely as if they had never come. Should a ship of war approach it, they are gone, and no one knows whither; but most probably they lie close by, in some reef-bound haunt among the waves, where an impenetrable screen of rocks and foliage hides them from view. To such spots they repair to careen their vessels, and to hold feasts in commemoration of their achievements, and well knowing that waters and winds will drown their songs, and forests and hills conceal their fires, they give way to the maddest revelry.

The pirate at sea feels as secure in his skill as on land. Signs, which he knows, forbode rain and storm, favorable or contrary winds. He uses no compass, but at night steers by the direction of the stars, and in the day by the course of the sun. Infallible tokens warn him when he is approaching a reef, or shallow, or dangerous shore—the color of the water by daylight, and during darkness the reflection of the stars. Thus he roves from spot to spot, gathering stores to be consumed at home in the season of repose, living frugally when actually in motion, but giving himself up to enjoyment when success allows him the opportunity. Many pirates have been known to disguise themselves as traders, and so have committed depredations by stealth. Sometimes, however, they have been foiled by their own arts, and have been sunk by the guns of a frigate which they were decoyed into believing was a merchantman deserted and water-logged. In the great struggle, however, which goes on between them and the traders of the Indian Archipelago, they have the obvious advantage. They are the most expert navigators; they are most familiar with the coasts, channels and shoals; their vessels are built for speed, and not for burden; their haunts are almost inaccessible; and their combination is wonderfully complete. So perfect is their adroitness in concealment, that they contrive to elude the most cautious pursuit. They have been known to sail stem on towards land, furl their sails within a few yards of the beach, and disappear. Afterwards it has been discovered that there was a secret lake within, separated from the sea by a very narrow strip of land. Across this their vigorous arms, with one united effort, have hauled the prahu, floating it safely in the interior waters. Again, when chased by a large ship, in light breezes, their boats have the advantage, and sail faster than an European; but, in a good breeze, they would be speedily overtaken; in such cases, therefore, the pirate furls all his sheets, trusts to his oars, and rows *against* the wind, when the very circumstance which favored his enemy saves him.

Occasionally the pirates of Borneo, however, are outwitted by their captives. A singular story is told in illustration of this: They made prisoners of a number of Chinese, and carried them up into the interior, to employ them in cultivating their gardens. The Celestials, not at all content to labor for the advantage of others, planned an escape. They were usually shut up at night in some chambers at the end of the great village-house, but opening on the common apartment where seventy or eighty of the young men of the tribe slept. Once, after there had been a revel among the Malays and Dyaks, the Chinese made a hole through the thatch on the roof, and crept out one by one. They then went to the head house of the place, where the trophies of war were kept; this was also a sort of triumphal armory, stored with all kinds of weapons; appropriating as many of these as would serve their purpose, they set off through a path in the woods. Coming upon a small Dyak hamlet, they surprised it, killed two or three of the men, frightened the rest, and took away a quantity of native clothes and broad bamboo hats. [illegible] themselves; then, launching all the boats of the village, they dropped down the river until dawn, when they concealed themselves in the thick jungle. From their place of concealment they saw, about mid-day, their original captors passing in canoes down towards the sea. They then resolved to stay where they were until the pursuing party returned. Accordingly they kept close, much distressed by hunger, though a few provisions were stealthily obtained from the contiguous plantations and the villages which were scattered near. On the third day, they saw their enemies coming up the stream. They actually moored within a quarter of a mile of the fugitives' retreat. They stayed several hours, but pushed up the river before nightfall.

The Chinese immediately left their hiding place, and rapidly paddled down the river. Though not belonging to a humane nation, they rescued a woman who was floating on the trunk of a tree down the stream, and who said she was a Dyak of Sarawak, escaping from the pirates of Kanowit on the same coast, which Captain Mundy visited in 1847. Ultimately they reached a settlement of their own people near the Rejang River, and were delivered from their danger.

In such craft, however, as I have said, the pirates show themselves superior. Mr. Spenser St. John, the British Commissioner, lately went on a search after some notorious marauders on the northern coast, who had plundered a trading ship. Though he visited the mouth of every river with armed boats, though he was shot at by the pirates, though they came near enough to be parleyed with, not one was seen, and the search was unsuccessful, even though native guides were with the expedition, and native chiefs were assisting it. So perfect is the science of robbery.

But, having followed the adventures of the Borneo pirates, from their haunts to the scenes of their rapine, to their slaughter, their pillages, and their secret murders, we must return with them to their homes. On a certain day all the vessels are appointed a rendezvous. The pirates assemble, and a spot on the coast is indicated where they are to meet again. They usually contrive to reach the entrance of their river before dawn or about dusk, when they may dash in at their utmost speed in the event of a Dutch or English ship lying in wait for them. When they have safely passed the bar, which lies across the mouth of most of these streams, the flotilla is moored; the chiefs come together in council; their followers wait in dusky groups around, speeches are made, and the division of the booty is declared. The greater part belongs, of course, to the cut throats of blue-blood, who can boast of a genealogy of ruffianism—a pedigree traced from a murderer through a murderer down a long course of years,—pirates with patents—assassins whose names are emblazoned with the heraldry of inherited crime. Next comes the king or prince, who has made a loan of money or vessels, or arms for the purposes of the expedition, and who usually gets a large share; then the smaller leaders—the centurions and captains distribute their dividends of plunder; and lastly, the indiscriminate crowd takes each man his pilfered prize, or his share.

This transaction over, the fleet floats and separates, each tribe going to its own haunt, some through labyrinthine ways in the jungle—where woe to the poor loiterer from another community who comes in their way—and some up different rivers. On reaching their villages they resume their former modes of life, though an interval is usually spent in unlimited riot and debauch, drunkenness, cock-fighting, gambling—the vices of Malays and half-fed Arabs being mingled with those of the original Dyaks, of whom the pirate tribes are in no way a moral race. But from this indolence their natural energy soon induces them to awake; they are active again; cultivation spreads over the valley; gardens are planted; the houses are freshly thatched; the stores of wood are piled; the granaries are filled; the place of tombs is swept and decorated; and new war-boats are constructed, to be launched on the next enterprise of depredation.

And these yearly enterprises of depredation, what is their effect on the largest and richest island of the world? They have made it a desert, instead of the paradise it ought to be. It is more extensive than France, and more beautiful; yet, what an unknown, desolate habitation of barbarians it is! though such it need not be, if Sir James Brooke be permitted to develope his magnificent policy. There are splendid rivers, where formerly an industrious culture had raised upon the banks the nourishment of many thousands of people. Now, they are bare, lonely—mere wildernesses of fruitless vegetation. Black and charred stumps show where villages have been burned; groves of cocoa palms, with the unplucked fruit dropping

* In this sketch I wish in a popular manner, to depict the characteristics of this extraordinary pirate economy, the whole of which I have more copiously described in *The Indian Archipelago: its History and Present State.* (Longman, 1853.)

from their branches, show where plantations have been made; piers and landing places show where a youthful industry was once the parent of a thriving trade. But not a human creature is left there; not a habitation of man is standing; not a tree is stripped of its season's fruit; not a boat is laden with the produce of the fields. Stray Dyaks come down at times from their refuge in the mountains to look at the forlorn prospect of their former homes; and they ought to complain, if Great Britain, the mighty minister of civilization, does not protect them from the savages who ruin their peace, and kill their commerce at the same time. Such scenes, however, abound on the coast of Borneo, except where the power of Sarawak is felt. There piracy is gone—tranquillity has succeeded it, and already the desert blossoms like the rose.

We have lately heard a sad account from Borneo, of a young Englishman killed by pirates. He and his European companion had ventured from one of the forts built in 1849, at the mouth of the pirate rivers, to prevent the egress of plundering expeditions. Since a description of these strongholds does not appear to have been anywhere given, it may be interesting to give it briefly here. They are small structures, built of timber, with an excavated magazine for stores, arms, and ammunition below; covered galleries for musketry above; small wooden towers at each corner; and heavy guns commanding the sea, the river, and the jungle. If skilfully and cautiously defended, they could not be carried by any native force, for their artillery would be powerful enough to sink a whole fleet of buccaniering vessels. In these little places, however, small companies of Englishmen are now posted, in daily expectation of an attack from thousands of furious savages, burning with a vindictive memory of chastisements, inflamed with a desire of cutting off some white men, and maddened by being prevented from pursuing their sanguinary, but profitable vocation, along the unhappy coasts of Borneo. There are those in this country, who would let loose this devilry, "in liberty of bloody hand to range;" but there are those, too, who, besides considerations of common humanity, have friends on those dangerous shores, and *they feel* best what is the duty of Englishmen towards pirates.

Original Letters.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

NO. VIII.

Florence, May 12th, 1853.

My Dear Mrs. B——: We left Naples on the 7th, and reached Leghorn on the 9th, having had a most disagreeable and uncomfortable little voyage. There is no travelling by water so utterly miserable to me as that on the Mediterranean—as I have always found a rough sea, in which the clumsily-built Italian steamers roll and flounder about in a porpoise like way peculiarly horrible. I was scarcely able to keep on my feet five minutes while our boat was under way. During the whole of the second day, however, we lay by at Civita Vecchia—a dull, dirty, unpicturesque, unendurable place. At Leghorn we spent several hours very agreeably—driving about, and looking about—not that there are any regular sights in the city, but we had great pleasure in its general air of industry and prosperity.

Leghorn is substantially and neatly built, and has a more uniform and modern appearance than any Continental city I know. Its streets are wide and admirably paved, and it has several handsome squares and fine public buildings.

We went from Leghorn to Florence, by the railway, through Pisa. At the station we were not a little amused to witness a parting between an elderly Russian officer—a hard, scarred, ferocious looking soldier, with a fierce, gray moustache—and half-a-dozen young subalterns. The group smoked, and chatted, till the moment of parting, when the old officer tenderly embraced each in his turn, kissing and being kissed on both cheeks;—a ludicrous scene to Anglo Saxon eyes.

The railway, which is a very good one, runs through a pleasant country, cultivated like a garden, which grows more and more lovely till you reach Florence. The station is near the *Cascini*, the fashionable drive and promenade, beyond the walls, along the Arno—so that our first look out was upon a gay and beautiful scene—those noble grounds thronged with equestrians, and pedestrians, and elegant equipages. From that moment, I have been charmed with Florence, beyond all expectation and precedent. Every picturing of fancy, every dream of romance has been met and surpassed,—and the sense of beauty crowded with the fullness of delight. It is a city of enchantment, most rich in incomparable pleasures for the lover of poetry and art. In merely driving from the station to our hotel, on the Arno, near the Ponte Vecchio, I was struck by the noble style of architecture—uniform in solidity, and in a sort of antique solemnity, yet not monotonous, gloomy, or curiously quaint. But when we drove about in the brightness of a lovely morning, and saw the grand and ponderous old palaces, the noble churches, the beautiful towers, the graceful bridges,—when we caught at almost every turn natural pictures which art could never approach—I could only express by broken sentences and exclamations, childishly repeated, the rare and glowing pleasure I enjoyed—the interest, the wonder, the almost aching fullness of satisfaction. Three days have passed like a happy, brilliant dream—which I shrink from chronicling with humble misgivings.

Oh, pictures of beauty! oh, visions of brightness, how must ye fade under my leaden pencil! It is strange, but I never feel so poor in expression as when my very soul is staggering under the weight of new treasures of thought and feeling.

One of our first visits was to the Royal Gallery—in the Uffizi. Through several rooms, and corridors, making little pause in any, we passed to the Tribune—for its size, doubtless, the richest room in the world in the great works of art. In the centre stands the *Venus de Medici*—"the wondrous statue that enchants the world"—says the poet, but as for me, I bow not before it with any heartiness of adoration. Exquisite, tender and delicate beyond my fairest fancy, I found the form—graceful to the last point of perfection seemed to me the attitude and action, but the smallness and the insignificant character of the head, and the simpering senselessness of the face—place it without my Olympus. I deny its divinity *in toto*, and bear my offerings to other shrines. Yet the Venus de Medici does not strike me as a voluptuous figure,—it certainly is not powerfully and perilously so—wanting as it does, all strength of passion and noble fullness of development—all *soul*—for, paradoxical as it may seem, a soul of wild depths and passionate intensity must lie beneath the alluring warmth and brightness of a refined and perfect sensuality. Of another, and a far more dangerous character, I should say, is the Venus of Titian, which hangs near it. Here is voluptuousness, gorgeous, undisguised, yet subtle, and in a certain sense poetic and refined. She is neither innocent, nor unconscious, yet not bold, nor coarse, nor meretricious. She proudly and quietly revels in her own marvellous beauties, if not like a goddess, who knows herself every inch divine, at least as a woman by character and position quite as free from the obligations of morality and purity. For all the wonderful beauty of this great picture, I cannot like it—cannot even tolerate it—but with an inexpressible feeling of relief, turn from it to the "*Bella Donna*" and the "*Flora*" of the same artist. The latter is to me the most fascinating and delicious picture I have ever beheld—the richness, the fullness, the golden splendor of its beauty flood my soul with a strange and passionate delight. There is no high peculiar sentiment about it, though it is grand in its pure simplicity; yet its soft, sunny, luxurious loveliness alone brings tears to my eyes—tears which I dash away jealously, lest they hide for one instant the transcendent vision.

In the Tribune are several of the finest paintings of Raphael—the *Fornarina*, a rich, glowing picture, but a face I cannot like—the young St. John, a glorious figure, and the *Madonna del Cardellino*—one of the loveliest of his Holy Families. There are also a great picture by Andrea del Sarto, which impressed me much; and the "*Adoration of the Magi*," by Albert Durer—the heads full of a simple grandeur peculiar to that noble artist, and an exquisite little Virgin and child, by Correggio. In another room, after looking at a bewildering number of pictures, most of which have already passed from my mind, I came upon a head of Medusa, by Leonardo da Vinci—which I fear will haunt me to my dying day. It is surely the most terrible painting I ever beheld.

I know, dear M——, this is more cataloguing pictures than describing them—yet it is all my time and limits will allow. But I will give you as little of it as possible.

In the magnificent Pitti Palace, among many glorious pictures, I saw two before which my heart bowed in most loving adoration—the *Madonna della Seggiola*, of Raphael, and a Virgin and child of Murillo. The former is surely the sweetest group by the divine painter; and the last, if not of a very elevated character, pure and tender, and surpassingly lovely. In this gallery are Titian's "*Bella Donna*," *Magdalene* and *Marriage of St. Catherine*. The first of these, which is a portrait, seems to me far the finest. The more I see of these, the more am I impressed with the conviction that there is nothing in all his grand and varied works displaying such profound and pre-eminent genius, such subtle, masterly, miraculous power as the portraits of Titian.

In this palace we saw Canova's Venus, which I liked no better than I expected. There is about the head, attitude and figure, an affected, fine-ladyish air, dainty and conscious, and passionless, which is worse than the absolute voluptuousness which would be in character at least with the earthly Venus. I am more and more convinced that there is in sculpture but one divine mother of pure Love—the grand and majestic Venus of Milo.

To-day we have driven out to Fiesole, and seen the massive walls of the ancient Etruscan city. These ramparts, which are called "Cyclopean constructions," are said to be at least three thousand years old, and yet look as though they might endure to the end of time. From a hill above the town we had a large and lovely view of the beautiful valley of the Arno—and looked down upon Florence, lapped in its midst, small, compact, yet beautiful and stately. I never beheld a more enchanting picture than the broad and bright one there spread before me—the blue mountains, the gleaming river, the green and smiling valley—hills covered with olives and myrtles—roads winding between hedges of roses to innumerable villas, nestled in flowery nooks, or crowning breezy heights. Oh, this was no enchantment of fairy-land, no dream of poetry—it was, in very truth, a paradise on earth.

On our return, we visited the house of Michael Angelo, which is reverently kept by his descendants, as nearly as possible in the same state in which he left it. It is a handsome, quaint old house, quiet, shadowy and somewhat sombre, still pervaded with the awe-inspiring atmosphere of the colossal genius of that Titanic artist.

As I stood in his studio, or in the little cabinet where he used to write, and saw before me the many objects once familiar to his eye and hand, I felt that it was but yesterday that he was borne forth from his beloved home, and that it was the first funereal stillness and sadness which pervaded it now.

We afterwards drove to "Dante's stone," a slab of marble by the side of the way, on which he used to sit in the long Summer evenings, wrapped in mournful meditations, and dreaming his immortal dreams. It is now as sacred to his memory as the stone above his grave.

For the two past afternoons, we have driven in the *Cascine*—by far the most delightful drive and place of reunion I have ever seen. It is much smaller, and of course less magnificent than Hyde Park, but pleasanter, I think, in having portions more sheltered, wild and quiet, for riders and promenaders. In the centre of the grounds, opposite the Grand Duke's farm-house, is an open space, where the band is stationed, and the carriages come together to exchange compliments and to hear the music. Here are always to be seen many splendid turnouts, open carriages filled with elegantly-dressed ladies—gallant officers and gay dames on horseback—flower-girls, bearing about the most delicious lilies and roses, pinks and lilacs, mignonette and heliotrope, freighting the golden evening air with their intoxicating fragrance, and amazing you with their Paradisean profusion—altogether a cheering and charming scene—colored and animated by the very soul of innocent pleasure.

This afternoon we met Charles Lever, riding with his wife and two daughters. They are all fine riders, were well-mounted, and looked a very happy family-party. Mr. Lever is much such a man as you would look to see in the author of "Charles O'Malley"—hale and hearty, careless, merry, and a little dashing in his air.

This evening I have spent with the Brownings, to whom I brought letters. They live in that *Casa Guidi* which Mrs. Browning has already immortalized by the grandest poem ever penned by woman. And now how can I fittingly speak of the two noble poet-souls, whose union is a poem—profounder and diviner than words can compose—and of their home, doubly sanctified by genius and love? Admitted for a few happy hours into this heaven of high thought and pure affections, I am sorely tempted to leave the door ajar, and so let out upon others some of the light and music. Robert and Elizabeth Browning are, as the truly great and good ever are, simple, earnest, frank and kindly in word and manner. An hour's conversation with them gives you the feeling of years of pleasant acquaintance. With all my reverence for their genius—a reverence in which I yield to none, I was speedily at home and at rest with them—I felt that they did not regard me coldly from the heights of that genius, but met me cordially on the level of the heart, and I was content. Nothing can be more touching and heavenly beautiful than the serene presence of quiet happiness which pervades this household. The very soul of contentment glows in the fine face of Browning, and rests on the calm brow of his wife, and smiles up from the profound depths of her eyes. But I should pause here—I feel guilty of a sort of sacrilege in having said so much. Mr. and Mrs. Browning have taken up their residence in Florence, a place in every way congenial to them. I know that thousands of her unknown friends across the great water will rejoice to hear that the health of Mrs. Browning improves with every year spent in Italy. Yet she is still very delicate—but a frail flower, ceaselessly requiring all the sheltering and fostering care, all the wealth and watchfulness of love which is round about her.

I have visited the studio of Powers, and been much interested by some of his late works, and by those on which he is at present engaged. The finest seems to me his statue of *America*—a figure of much beauty, force and grandeur, which, with its companion, *California*, I hope yet to see adorning the Capitol at Washington. Mr. Powers has also several ideal busts, which are new to me—all exceedingly beautiful. Of these, a Psyche will, I think, shine apart and fairest in my memory, as most poetically conceived and exquisitely wrought. The statue of Washington, for the State of Louisiana, is a work of much beauty and dignity. The *pater patriæ* is represented in his citizen's dress, standing in an attitude of calmest thought, leaning lightly on the emblem of Union, and holding in his left hand the Farewell Address. It is a statue remarkable for quiet strength and a noble simplicity—a just and honest rendering of the character of our Washington.

I count it as among the happiest incidents of my year of foreign travel to have met and known Mr. Powers. It has given me peculiar pleasure to find him retaining all the freshness and naturalness—all the chivalrous, liberty-loving spirit of a true son of the free, broad West.

May 13th.—Yesterday I saw, for the first time, the grand, antique group of Niobe and her children. Of these wonderful figures, by far the most noble and pathetic are those of the mother and the young daughter she is seeking to shield. Oh! the proud anguish, the wild, instinctive maternal agony of that face, thrown upward in hopeless supplication to the pitiless gods, haunts me, and will haunt me forever.

I afterwards saw the Mercury of John of Bologna—a marvel of beauty, grace and lightness. We visited the treasure room of the Pitti Palace, and saw all the Grand Duke's plate, among which are several magnificent articles by Benvenuto Cellini. In the evening we drove in the Cascini, and to the Hill of Bellosguardo, from whence we had an enchanting view of Florence and the Val d'Arno—and so the day ended. To-day we have made the tour of the Churches. In the solemn old Cathedral, whose wonderful dome was the admiration and study of Michael Angelo, there were extraordinary religious ceremonies, on the occasion of some great festa. Some Archbishop or other officiated in very gorgeous robes, of course—in capital condition, and looking very indolent, proud and stupid, as another matter of course. The Court came in great state and pomp, with much trumpeting and beating of the drum. The Grand Duke was accompanied by the Grand Duchess and his household, by the *Guardia Mobile*, and by numerous ladies and gentlemen of high rank, all in full dress. Those ball costumes of the courtly dames—gay silks and lace, diamonds, flowers and plumes, looked strange enough after the uniform and decent sombreness of the dress prescribed for the "functions" at St. Peter's.

The Grand Duke is a man of ordinary size, and appears not far from seventy years of age, though it is said he is hardly sixty. His hair and moustaches are nearly white, and he wears the white coat of the Austrian uniform, and so looks more miller-like than majestic. There was a sort of sullen sadness in his air, which I confess I was rather gratified to remark—remembering all the treachery of the past, and beholding all the degradation of the present. The Grand Duchess is a dignified looking woman enough, but the ladies in attendance on her to-day, dazzled alone with their diamonds.

After hearing some fine music, we went to the *Santa Croce*, the Westminster Abbey of Florence, where are the tombs of its most illustrious dead. Of these, the noblest is that of Michael Angelo, and the poorest, yet most pretentious, that of Dante. Canova has here a monument to Alfieri, which is affected and sentimental, like nearly all his works—and the tombs of Galileo and Macchiavelli are anything but pleasing and imposing. Infinitely better were the most simple slabs than such pompous piles. In the Capella Nicolini we saw some frescoes, sybils, painted in 1600, yet retaining all their force and finesse of drawing and vivid coloring. Do not fail to see those sybils when you visit Florence, for I am much mistaken if they are not bonds of rare beauty and strength.

At the San Lorenzo we saw that marvellous Mausoleum, the Medicean Chapel—the richest, yet plainest structure of the kind in the world. There is here a peculiar assumption and ostentation of simplicity—your eye, accustomed to the crowded ornament and vivid gorgeousness of ordinary princely chapels, is shocked and cheated at the first glance of the sombre magnificence, the sumptuous bareness of this singular structure. But right soon is disappointment changed to admiration and amazement, as you see that all those lofty walls, from floor to roof, are composed of the most rare and beautiful marbles and precious stones, wrought into the most exquisite Mosaics. Then you see the stupendous yet beautiful cenotaphs and the solemn, dark statues of the Medici, and at length fully realize all their royal waste of wealth over this Mausoleum—all their princely pomp of death.

In the *Sagrestia Nuova*, built by Michael Angelo, are the statues of Lorenzo and Julian de Medici, with their attendant groups, the *Morn* and *Night*, the *Evening* and *Day*, and the *Virgin and Child*—surely the noblest works of that mighty artist. I instinctively bowed in awe before the gloomy grandeur of Lorenzo, and there was something in his still frown which shook my soul more than the warlike air and almost startling action of Julian. The unfinished group of the Virgin and Child has much tenderness and sweetness with all its force and grandeur; but as a general thing, I must think that Michael Angelo's female figures are far more remarkable for gigantic proportions and muscular development than for grace, beauty or any fine spiritual character. This Virgin is majestic almost to sublimity, yet truly gentle, loveable, divinely maternal.

In what was the refectory of an old monastery, but which was afterwards used as a carriage-house, has been found, within a few years past, a noble fresco by Raphael—a *Last Supper*. This we went to see—and I felt it to be one of the purest and most touching creations of that angelic painter. In this picture the "beloved disciple" seems to have fallen asleep on the breast of the Master, and to have bowed his head lower and lower, till it lies upon the table—while the hand of Jesus is laid caressingly on his shoulder. There is something so exquisitely sweet and sad—so divinely pitiful, yet humanely tender in the action, that the very thought of it blinds my eyes with tears.

After visiting several other churches, all more or less imposing in architecture, and rich in works of art, we took a stroll through the Bobili Gardens, belonging to the Pitti Palace—very beautiful and well kept grounds, but rather too hilly for a pleasant promenade.

After dinner we drove in the Cascini, where we met all the world. As it was an exceedingly beautiful sunset, and the evening of a festa, the band continued to play, and the brilliant crowd remained long. I revelled in the delicious air and the cheerful scene as fully as was possible, with the intrusive consciousness that I was breathing the one and beholding the other for the last time, probably forever—certainly for many years. Mrs. H—— and I here took leave of a brace of charming young nobles, in whom I fear we had become too deeply interested. These were two beautiful Russian boys, brothers, of the ages of nine and seven, with whom we voyaged on the Mediterranean, and formed an acquaintance which has been continued, happily for us, in Florence. In all my life I never saw such enchanting little fellows—simple, natural, frank and free, yet perfect gentlemen in air and expression—displaying, with the utmost ease, grace and polish of manner, tact, wit and *savoir faire* truly astonishing. They always came to our carriage at the Cascini, and lounging on the steps, chatted to us in French between the pieces of music. To-night, as the youngest was describing to me, very graphically, the different countries through which he had travelled, and the cities which he had visited, I advised him to go next to England, and assured him that he would be greatly interested and amused by the sights and pleasures of London. With the slightest possible shrug, he replied—"*Oui, c'est une grande ville, sans doute; mais pour les amusements il n'y a qu'une ville dans le monde—c'est Paris.*"

The very last look I had of these infant *elegants*, we were driving by them on leaving the grounds, and as we passed, one of them,—I think I will not confess which one—kissed a rose bud, and flung it to me, with a laughing "*addio!*" Of course, I pressed it to my heart, and treasured it up. *Addio*, oh, beautiful boys! Will ye suffer a world-change into something hard and strange?—I wonder. Will your charming faces grow cold and harsh?—will your soft-brown curls stiffen and blacken?—will you clang in swords and jingle in spurs?—will you swear rough oaths, and trail long moustaches, and smoke villainous pipes in Northern camps?—or will you flutter about Courts, and set your affections on ballet-dancers, and play at *rouge et noir*, and grow heartless and *blasé?* I hope not, with all my soul, and yet that speech about Paris, was that of a precocious pleasure-lover. Well, Heaven bless the lads! I shall never see them again, the more's the pity.

To-morrow morning I set out for Venice—from whence I will write—of course.

As ever, yours,

GRACE GREENWOOD.

Clippings.

There is no peace in sin; eternal war
Doth rage 'mong vices; but all virtues are
Friends 'mong themselves, and choicest accents be
Harsh echoes to their heavenly harmony.
Habington.

☞ An Irishman said in reply to a question, that there was something in the air of Ireland that made the people make bulls, and added he, "If an American were *born* there, he would do the same."

☞ Mr. Speaker, said a member of the Jamaica Legislature, discussing a bill for the regulation of the timber trade, "I know these timber merchants to be most egregious rascals—I was in the timber line myself twelve years."

☞ Disposing of a Church.—The New Yorkers have a queer way of disposing of their churches. Here is a sample, being a notice on Christ Church, in that city:

"To let, this church, for religious meetings, lectures, hotel, stable, or any other purpose. Apply," &c.

☞ In the choice of a wife, take the obedient daughter of a good mother.

☞ "Mike, and is it yerself that can be after telling me how they make ice cream?" "In truth I can—do they not bake them in could ovens, to be sure."

☞ The *Daily News* states as "a fact," to illustrate popular feeling in Italy, that Mazzini was in Milan three months before the outbreak—his errand known to hundreds—yet his presence not betrayed. More than that, he rested securely in that city for a month after the insurrection had been suppressed, and then left Italy in safety for London.

☞ The Elephant Abroad.—The elephant belonging to a circus company got away from his keepers in Killingly, Connecticut, and amused himself by going about the streets and pulling up trees and down fences! He was finally secured.

☞ When the Protectionists were borne into office in England, the farmers expected that their hopes would be *realized*. They have found, to their cost, that they were only *Dis-realized*.—*Punch.*

☞ Camphene Murders.—What is the use of the legislature wasting its time on a bill to prevent railroad accidents, while camphene and other explosive burning fluids are doing such a deadly work, without any restraint or restriction? Recent investigations prove that the destruction of life by the use of burning fluids in the United States, is greater than by either steamboats or railroads.

☞ "Living in Clover."—The California Indians feed on clover, which they consider a great luxury. They gather the clover in baskets and prepare it for use by heating large stones and placing a lay of clover well moistened between each layer of stones. Thus prepared, an Indian will eat as much clover as a horse.

☞ Mr. E. Meriam, of New York, a distinguished scientific writer and practical philosopher, says that persons struck by lightning should not be given up as dead for at least three hours. During the first two hours they should be drenched freely with cold water, and if this fails to produce restoration, then add salt and continue the drenching for another hour. Why not add salt at first?

☞ No man ever found in the Bible any incitement to liquor-drinking or selling until he had first found it somewhere else, and no man ever felt impelled by the Bible to favor the Liquor Traffic one moment longer than he was inclined that way by considerations outside of the Bible.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.
PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1853.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &C.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 *in advance*, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies, - - -	$5 00 Per Annum.
8 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10 00 "
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20 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20 00 "

Addition to Clubs.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

A New Arrangement.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so.

THE LOST HEIRESS:

A STORY OF HOWLET HALL.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH.

In the course of a few weeks, we expect to be able to commence this promised novelet by the authoress of "The Deserted Wife," "Virginia and Magdalene," "The Curse of Clifton," &c. We have reason to believe that it is with the vast majority of our readers as it is with us—and that the expectation of one of Mrs. Southworth's fascinating novelets, quite stirs the pulse, and kindles up the spirit, even in this hot weather, when the thermometer ranges about ninety. We know that something is coming which is something—something that we can praise, or it need be blame—though we hope not the latter—right earnestly and heartily. Therefore we long for the raising of the curtain, and the appearance of the various and numerous characters, all evoked from "chaos and old night," in forms of beauty, and erring sorrow, and mirth, as

"By the touch of an enchanter's wand."

The story, of course, will be rather lengthy—as all the rest have been—but then it will be as full of interest "as an egg of meat." We have no hesitancy in promising this, though we have not the remotest idea of what the story will contain. We simply judge the future by the past. We always have taken Mrs. Southworth on the venture, depending upon her prolific pen for the weekly instalments of her story, and she never yet has failed us. We are always about one week ahead of our readers, in the story, and that is all.

In addition to "The Lost Heiress," we shall continue the admirable series of

LETTERS FROM EUROPE,

by Grace Greenwood; and the interesting "Sketches of Travel," by C. G.

Of course, the usual Miscellany of the paper, in the shape of selected stories, sketches and essays from the English magazines, engravings, general and political news, &c., shall not be neglected.

PAUPERISM.

Laborers.—The demand for harvesting laborers is very great. We are informed, says the Delaware Gazette, that cradlers obtain from $2.25 to $2.50 per day, and other field hands, $1.50 to $2.00. The wheat harvest in this county is pretty well over.

From all parts of the country we have the same story—laborers are in great demand, not only for the transient harvest season, but for regular work, at good wages. And yet hundreds, if not thousands, of the vicious, intemperate and lazy will remain in the outskirts of the large cities, leading a miserable and loathsome life, and giving unwise philanthropists a pretext to rail at our social institutions, when the fault is in that weak yielding to sinful indulgences, which even an earthly Paradise would not be exempt from.

But some have said, why the poor have not *funds* to reach the country. Nonsense, they have legs—and no farm-house will refuse them sufficient to satisfy their hunger; and the side of a hay-stack is better lodging in this warm weather, than the filthy rooms and cellars in which a majority of them sleep nightly. But the truth is, it is not because they cannot find plenty of work, at good wages, but because they prefer a life of slothful and vicious indulgence, that they cling to their city hovels. And society fails in its duty towards them, not from an excess of rigor and restraint, but from an excess of indulgence. The man who can work, and will not work, but prefers to live a life of pauperism, vice and intemperance, should be *made* to work, and *compelled* to live decently. Of course all compulsion being withdrawn, as soon as he is willing to comport himself like a decent and Christian man—his own good, and that of society, being the justification of the constraint to which he is subjected.

And something of this kind will have to be done, not only for the good of these abandoned men and women themselves, but also to remove a stigma upon our society which does not fairly attach to it. There probably is no man, not disabled by sickness, in this city or State at the present time, who cannot, not only earn a living, but lay up money against the occasional hard times, *if he will*.

And so with the women—excepting those cases where they are left widows, with a family of young children. Let any one, after reading certain heart-rending accounts of female destitution, in certain papers, try to procure an American domestic, of any degree of skill, or a good seamstress, and see if his eyes are not opened a little. We are much mistaken if there is not plenty of employment, at fair prices, for every unmarried woman in the country.

The Ailanthus.—We perceive that the defenders of the Ailanthus say that it is only the *male* tree, the smell of which is so offensive and sickening in June. Well we shall be satisfied if all those which smell are cut down—and after that is done, there will not, we *guess*, be many left. In the country, there is another reason for their destruction besides the smell—the number of suckers continually springing up from them; but in the city, where the streets are paved, this is not so material an objection.

As to the smell of the Ailanthus, in the flowering season, it is not only very offensive to most persons, but is a cause of disease to some organizations. We admit that it is a pretty, fast-growing tree, and very clear of insects—and therefore are willing that those which do not taint the air should stand. But as for the others, they are a common pest and an intolerable nuisance.

Important Edict.—The Emperor Nicholas, notwithstanding the importance of his foreign relations, still finds time to attend to certain momentous domestic matters, as the following paragraph proves:—

Almost the only piece of news given is, that it has been thought expedient to issue an Imperial Ukase forbidding Jewish women in Poland to wear false hair!

Nicholas must have some grudge against the Jewish ladies.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The Pottsville Journal says:—

"The Catholic agitation against the Public Schools, in Maryland, has resulted in the passage of a Bill, to a third reading, prohibiting the use of sectarian books in Public Schools after amending by adding a proviso that this prohibition shall not extend to the Bible.

A similar law will be asked of our Legislature next winter. In the present School Law of this State, the books are under the control of the Directors; and the Protestant Directors have never, to our knowledge, introduced a single sectarian book into the Schools, unless the Bible is called a sectarian book; but in almost every instance where there is a preponderance of Roman Catholic Directors, the books of the Church, particularly the Catechism, are introduced into the Public Schools. We know of one instance in this county, where a Catholic teacher was employed, who threw all the books out of the school introduced by the Directors, and refused to use any other kind than those approved by the Catholic Church, until the Directors notified him that unless the books were removed from the School in one week, he would be instantly dismissed. The books were removed, but the teacher succeeded in exciting the odium of the Catholic population against the Board of Directors. In many districts, timid Directors would have overlooked such movements sooner than encounter the opposition of the Catholic population. As far as we can learn, there are at least eight or ten Schools—Public Schools—in Schuylkill County, where the Catholic Catechism is used by permission of the Directors."

If the above statements of the "Pottsville Journal" be correct, it is a little amusing that while certain of the Roman Catholic clergy have been complaining that the Protestants introduced sectarian books into the Public Schools, their own members have been committing a similar offence. We are decidedly in favor of a law prohibiting the introduction of any sectarian volume into our Public Schools. And, waiving the question whether the Protestant translation of the Bible be a sectarian work, we would ask our Protestant friends, in order to remove the only stumbling block in the way of Catholic children, to earnestly consider whether the reading of the Protestant version in the Schools, either is "doing as they would be done by," or a matter of such great moment as many have represented it. The English think that all religion would disappear, if the Church were not supported by the State; but in this country we have proved the folly of that belief. Why not then leave the reading of the Bible also to voluntary action. Why should the State interfere to say it shall be read regularly, even in the Public Schools? Is the Bible honored by making it a school book? Are the pupils generally profited by its reading? We confess we are disposed to answer both these questions in the negative. On the other hand, shall we not truly honor the teachings of the Bible, by acting in a spirit of charity and enlarged toleration towards our Catholic neighbors? We think so.

Russia and Turkey.—At the time of writing this, we have no certain intelligence from Europe, relative to the course of Russia. It seems to be doubtful that she will accept the mediation offered by Austria—and we question whether it would be well for Turkey that she should accept it. It appears to us that things have come to that pass, that one party or the other must *recede* from its position. And if Turkey and France and England recede one jot, it will be in fact a triumph for Russia, and stimulate her to another attempt in the same direction, before many years have elapsed.

The "Panslavonic party" of Russia, which is said to be urging on the Czar to war, if necessary to attain the end in view, is looking forward to the establishment of a new Sclavonic Empire, with Constantinople as the capital. It has on its side the will of Peter the Great, and the popular feeling of the masses, who, in Russia as in the United States, and everywhere else, are apt to applaud any project tending to national aggrandisement, without much regard to its wisdom or justice. On the other side is the German party, headed by Count Nesselrode, perhaps the ablest of the advisers of the Czar.

The Turks are proceeding vigorously with their defences. One account represents that they are well supplied with money, and pay the ready gold for everything; while another says there is an utter want of funds, and that recourse is had to all kinds of shifts and expedients in consequence of a ruined exchequer.

Before we go to press, we may receive advices from Europe of a more definite character than those referred to above. We trust there will be no backing out of the allied Powers, though we very much fear it. Things have come to that point, that any receding on their part, would merely incite Russia to still more insolent demands at a future day. If France and England intend to stand between the spoiler and his prey, they had better bring the quarrel to an issue as speedily as possible. If they show the least fear of a war, they probably will soon have one. While if they boldly and resolutely declare that they are determined to stand by Turkey in this quarrel, to the uttermost extent of their resources, there will be no war. Let England show the same spirit toward Alexander that she manifested towards Napoleon, and the Czar will subdue his ambitious rage, if he has to shut himself up for a month in the interior of an iceberg.

What the American Roman Catholics Really Think.—It has all along been our opinion, that the great mass of intelligent and educated American Roman Catholics, were as much disgusted with certain intolerant and anti-republican sentiments recently uttered by some of those pretending to be leaders among them, as we were ourselves. And in rebuking those outrageous sentiments, we felt we were but doing that which independent men of *all* sects—and of no sect—would approve and justify. As an evidence that we were not mistaken, we call attention to the following statement:

The Catholic Bishop of St. Louis has publicly stated, that the odious opinions in regard to religious toleration, expressed by the Catholic newspaper of that city, entitled "Shepherd of the Valley," meet with no countenance from him; that he has no control over the paper, as its editor and proprietor is a layman, and that he alone is responsible for those sentiments which are *are as repugnant to the feelings of American Catholics as they can be to Protestants.*

The following are two of the odious opinions alluded to by the Bishop of St. Louis:

"If the Catholics ever gain, which they surely will do, though at a distant day, an immense numerical majority, *religious freedom in this country is at an end.* So say our enemies. So we believe."

"This learning every one to read is bearing its proper fruit; and that fruit is very unwholesome."

We may add to the above, that Dr. Charbonnel, a Roman Catholic Bishop in Canada, has addressed a "circular" to his clergy in consequence of the "deplorable events at Quebec and Montreal." He quotes largely from the New Testament, inculcating peace, meekness and forbearance under provocation, and concludes with the following announcement:

"Were any Catholic of our Diocese to forget those principles of true Christianity, and cause any disturbance on the occasion of the 12th of July, he shall be deprived of receiving the Holy Communion for a length of time, according to degree of the scandal; and if he dies a victim of his disobedience to this present ordinance, his corpse shall be deprived of the ecclesiastical burial."

This language is very different from that recently quoted by us, from the New York "*Freeman's Journal*." But, as respects the course of the "Freeman's Journal," we *do* believe that it is sanctioned by Archbishop Hughes. If we are not mistaken, the Archbishop heretofore has published his approval of the general course of that paper—he never has shown any disinclination to appear before the public to defend himself or his Church, when misrepresented—and therefore we are justified in believing that the atrocious and intolerant sentiments to which we frequently have called attention, are such as meet his approbation.

The Mint.—Our citizens, as well as strangers who may visit the city, will be pleased to hear that the mint is now open to visitors daily, from 9½ in the morning until noon. It is a sight worth seeing—how easily gold and silver coin is turned out. It is hard to convince a visitor to the Mint, that there is any scarcity of money anywhere. After looking at the operations there awhile, he is disappointed when he puts his hand into his pockets, if he does not find them also full of the "shiners." The Mint is a grand place for poor people—they can point to the gold and silver scattered about so plentifully, and say proudly, "That is *our* money—*we* own a share in this establishment—an Agent by the name of Pierce now manages our business for us."

One of the Cæsars.—Count Cæsar Balbo, who died recently in Piedmont, at the age of 70, belonged to a family which, it is said, traces its line, with undoubted accuracy, to Julius Cæsar. Count Balbo was a strong advocate of Constitutional Government, and an able historical and political writer.

Where They Reside.—An Ohio correspondent wishes us to inform him through the paper, where Mrs. Southworth and Mrs. Gage reside. It is rather a singular request, but we see no very great objection to complying with it. Mrs. Southworth resides in Georgetown, D. C., and Mrs. Gage in St. Louis, Mo.

REPRESENTATIVE ARTICLES.

In the Dublin Exhibition there are, it appears, only two articles from the United States, Colt's revolvers and Hayden's sewing-machine.

Very appropriate. The Americans, as a people, are both peculiarly constructive and peculiarly destructive. Emerson talks of "Representative Men"—are not these Representative *Machines?*

Life in Paris.—A writer in Putnam's Magazine, gives the following as the testimony of one who has lived long enough in Paris really to *know* it.

"Any day between three and five o'clock you can see on the Boulevards des Italiens, members of nearly all the Royal families of Europe, the heroes of half-a-dozen different revolutions from as many different countries, Princes, Warriors, Poets, Painters, Sculptors, Statesmen. The other day I saw Colonel Fremont, begging a light from the Hospodar of Wallachia, and neither knew who the other was. This *latency* of distinction, only evoked by a dinner invitation or a court-ball, which Paris affords, makes it so charming a residence to all who bear honors buckled on their back. Here the hero is a hero *only* to his valet de chambre.

If you know the faces of all these great men, you have only the knowledge of the City Directory of a valet de chambre, but you don't *know* Paris. It is well worth knowing. It repays the pains expended on it, for *when you know it*, the gilded corniced saloons, the splendid cafés, the luxurious restaurants, the charming theatres, lose their powerful attraction; you turn from the thick-rouged skeleton with a longing for the pure air, the beautiful country, the familiar accents of Anglo-Saxon home, Anglo-Saxon purity, Anglo-Saxon virtue, Anglo-Saxon sincerity, and, let me add, Anglo-Saxon liberty."

We commend the above to those who have made the tour of Europe, and come back with the praises of Paris on their lips. Probably they have lived just long enough in that artificial city, not to know it as well as they did before they left America. They have seen the beautiful outside of the Dead Sea fruit, but not pierced or crushed it sufficiently to find that all within was dust and ashes.

Heavy Storms.—During the last week or two, this portion of the Union has been visited by several heavy thunder storms. At a storm in New York on Friday week, the Crystal Palace was tolerably well flooded with water, through a part of the roof not yet finished. A few panes of glass also were broken by the hail. A house in the vicinity was blown down, and four churches considerably injured—one being struck with lightning, two having their steeples blown of, and another having a portion of its roof carried away. Many other buildings were seriously injured, and several persons lost their lives. Many of the hail stones are said to have been as large as hen's eggs. Some measured, by actual measurement, from four to five inches in length, and three to four inches in thickness.

The same storm did considerable damage at various other places, including Wilmington, Delaware. Merely the outskirts of the storm touched this city—causing a great dust, but very little more.

To Kill Caterpillars.—A subscriber at Delaware, Ohio, says that he and his neighbors have tried the following remedy for the caterpillar on the Sugar Maple, Cherry, &c., with the greatest success:

"Take an augur from a half to three-fourths of an inch in size, according to the size of your tree, and bore a hole in the trunk of the tree, from two to four inches deep. Fill the hole with the flour of sulphur, and plug it up with a plug made of soft wood. The sulphur circulates through the tree, and when the caterpillars eat the leaves, it immediately kills them."

It would be well to try this sulphur remedy upon all trees infested with worms. We lately heard of a case in which a tree was almost eaten up with them. The sulphur was plugged in, and *in less than 48 hours*, the worms came trooping down the tree, and were destroyed by thousands. The tree never has been infested since. Has any one tried this remedy on our city Lindens?

Monuments.—The citizens of Harrisburg are about to erect a monument over the grave of John Harris, the first settler on the banks of the Susquehanna River, and after whom was christened the town of Harrisburg, the capital of our State.

An Association also has been formed at New Orleans, to erect a colossal equestrian statue, in bronze, of General Jackson, in that city of his fame.

Our citizens are great in resolving on Monuments,—but they are a thing of rather slow growth in the American soil.

Hard on Kosciusko.—"P.," at Hickman, Ky., sends us an anecdote, relative to the town of Kosciusko, Miss., of which the gist is this:—

"At the Temptation, when the Devil was displaying all the nations of the earth, and all the glory of them, he carefully spread his handkerchief over Kosciusko, reserving that out of the offer, for his own especial use."

We may state for the benefit of our friends at Kosciusko, that we do not believe a word of this story—and, if it were true, it only would prove what a valuable place Kosciusko was even then.

Gottschalk's Concert.—This concert attracted a large and discriminating audience. The reception of the great American Pianist was enthusiastic, and his performances were frequently encored. Mr. Wynens, who assisted Gottschalk, played several pieces on the violin with great skill. Our musical citizens no doubt would be delighted to have Mr. Gottschalk visit us in the Autumn or early Winter months.

Reasonable.—We see it stated that building lots along the line of the Pacific Railroad, 14 miles from St. Louis, are selling at five dollars per foot. Probably the idea of the speculators is, that the whole line of the road, from St. Louis to the Pacific, one of these days, will be occupied with six-story granite warehouses, devoted to the Chinese and Japan trade. Great country—for blowing soap-bubbles.

Death of Dr. Chapman.—Dr. Nathaniel Chapman, one of the oldest, and most eminent physicians of this country, died on Friday week, in this city, in his 74th year. He was connected for a long period with the University of Pennsylvania, and had a large acquaintance through the country.

An eve intensely beautiful; an eve
Calm as the slumber of a lovely girl
Dreaming of hope. The rich autumnal woods
With their innumerable shades and colorings,
Are like a silent instrument at rest—
A silent instrument—whereon the wind
Hath long forgot to play.
Hermann.

☞ Chambers's Edinburgh Journal says:—"It has been remarked, that, as a general rule, poets write the best, and schoolmasters the worst, letters."

☞ The Albany Express tells a very good story about a barber-pole pantalooned youth, who recently went on a visit to his grandmother in the country, and astonished her very much by wearing such "patched trowsers away from home."

☞ Most people wish to become rich, so that they may not be "thumped about so." An excellent idea, but not to be realized in this world. To be "thumped about" is one of the fundamental laws of society. The laborer is thumped about by the clerk, the clerk by the merchant, and the merchant by the capitalist. Vice thumps about the deserving, while a guilty conscience thumps about Vice. In short, this is a thumping world. To enjoy it, therefore, you should have a thumping bit of philosophy, flanked by a thumping legacy, and thumping circle of thumping good friends!

☞ Damages.—The Hartford Times says the New York and New Haven Railroad Company has paid Mrs. M. W. Dimock, of Maryland, $5,000, whose husband lost his life at the Norwalk draw. It was all that Mrs. D. claimed, and it was promptly paid.

☞ A farmer in the western part of Pennsylvania brought his daughter a hand-organ as a present from Philadelphia. A young countryman who was paying her some attention, hearing her play on it, asked her father how long she had it. "Only a week," was the reply. "Well, now, hang me, if she don't play first rate for the time she's had it!"

☞ Some tasteful individual very correctly remarks that the best lip salve in creation is a kiss; the remedy should be used with great care, however, as it is apt to bring on an *affection of the heart*.

☞ The Nashville Gazette says a marriage took place at the grave yard in that city on the 14th ult. Rather a strange place for the interesting ceremony. However, it seems the parties considered the marriage was a grave matter.

☞ A strictly orthodox old gentleman in Massachusetts, returning home one Sunday afternoon from church, began to extol to his son the merits of the sermon. "I have heard, Frank," said he, "one of the most delightful sermons ever delivered before a Christian society. It carried me to the gates of Heaven." "Well, I think," replied Frank, "you had better have dodged in, for you will never get another such a chance!"

☞ In a fashionable novel, the author says, "Lady Emma trembled, grew pale, and immediately *fainted*." The printer putting *p* instead of *f*, rendered it, "The lady grew pale and immediately *painted*."

☞ That is but an empty purse which is full of other folks' money.

Our Correspondents

REBECCA RAWSON.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In "Plymouth and the Pilgrims," by Joseph Banvard, published at Boston in 1851, is a very interesting biographical sketch of *Rebecca Rawson*, which embraces as complete a piece of the *romance of history* as is perhaps to be found anywhere. It would form a fine subject for a novel by Mrs. Southworth, and is as follows:

During the persecution of the Quakers in Plymouth, proceedings of even greater severity were instituted against them in the colony of Massachusetts, of which, at that time, Edward Rawson was Secretary, who took an active part in their trials. His name frequently appears upon the record of that period as the "Persecutor."

Rawson had twelve children, the history of one of whom is so full of romance and tragedy, that it cannot fail to interest the reader; we refer to his daughter Rebecca. She was a talented young lady, of great personal attractions, and a well cultivated mind. One of her contemporaries describes her as "one of the most beautiful, polite and accomplished young ladies in Boston." From the position which her father occupied in the Government, she doubtless moved in the most elevated circles of colonial society.

Among her admirers was a base, unprincipled, deceitful fellow, from England, whose name was Thomas Rumsey, but who passed himself off as Sir Thomas Hale, Jr., nephew to Lord Chief Justice Hale. After an avowal of his passion for the beautiful Rebecca, the mock Sir Thomas ventured to make her proposals of marriage. The young lady, with her other qualities, possessed a good share of "worldly ambition," and regarding the proffer of the young lord as a favorable offer, the acceptance of which would introduce her into the fashionable circles of England, and cherishing also tender sentiments towards him, she had no disposition to refuse his hand. Their marriage was solemnized, July 1, 1679, in the presence of about forty persons. This was only the first act of the drama. After receiving the congratulations of her friends, many of whom thought she had been singularly fortunate in the connection, the young bride bade them farewell, and embarked, with her noble husband and a splendid outfit, for the shores of Old England. What hopes and fears, what visions of fancied bliss and forebodings of dreaded evil, passed over her mind, during her long and tedious voyage, we cannot tell. We only know that in due time she and her handsome outfit safely arrived. Being anxious to step on the soil of the Empire Isle, she made a hasty toilette, and went on shore "on dishabille," in company with her husband. She succeeded, on the second day, in finding a relative, with whom they lodged. Sir Thomas, Jr., knowing that the *dénouement* of his nefarious plot was at hand, arose early in the morning, took the keys belonging to his wife, and departed, telling her that he would send the trunks ashore, so that she might dress for dinner. In the course of the morning the trunks came, but as her husband had the keys, they could not be opened. She was obliged to wait for his return. There is a limit to female patience; in her case, the limit was soon reached. Whether from any part of his conduct on shipboard, or since their landing, her suspicions were awakened, we know not; but after waiting impatiently in vain, till two o'clock, for his return, she determined to open the trunks by force. It was done; when, to her amazement, she found every article of clothing, useful and costly, removed, and the trunks filled with worthless materials! She was overwhelmed with shame, perplexity, and sorrow. Where her husband had gone, or what had become of her wardrobe, it was equally impossible to tell. The relative with whom she stopped took her in his carriage to the house where she and her husband spent the preceding night. She there inquired for Sir Thomas Hale, Jr. "He has not been here for some days," was the reply. "He was surely here night before last," said she. They informed her that she was mistaken; that Sir Thomas Hale, Jr., had not been there, but that Thomas Rumsey came there on the night which she had specified, with a young lady. "Where is he now?" "Gone to his wife, in Canterbury." The abominable wickedness of Rumsey, and the condition of the unfortunate Rebecca were now fully revealed. She had been deceived and betrayed, and all her hopes of future elevation ruined. She awoke from her dream of pleasure and aggrandizement to a full realization of her humiliating position. Instead of being the lawful wife of a man of honor and title, she found she had been sustaining, ignorantly, of course, an illegal connection with a base, licentious fellow, having a wife in England, and who, not satisfied with ruining her, as to her future social prospects, had stripped her of her all, so that she had not even a change of garments. She never saw him again! Being thus robbed and abandoned in a strange land, and having too much spirit to be dependent upon her friends, she threw herself upon her own industry for support. Possessing a good share of natural ingenuity and perseverance, she applied herself so successfully to various kinds of fancy work, that for thirteen years she succeeded in obtaining a "genteel subsistence for herself and child." At the end of this period, she determined to return to her own country. Leaving her child in the care of her sister in England, who had none of her own, she embarked for Jamaica on her way to Boston, in a vessel belonging to her uncle. Her romantic life was here doomed to a tragical end. On the morning of June 9th, 1692, whilst her uncle was on shore, engaged in settling his accounts, and when the vessel was ready to sail to Massachusetts, the island was visited with a tremendous earthquake, which swallowed up the vessel and all on board, among whom was the injured heroine of our story. The uncle was the only one of the ship's company who was saved. Thus terminated the eventful career of the beautiful, accomplished, yet unfortunate, Rebecca Rawson.

Clippings.

Praise from thy lips, what is it worth to me?
They know, who know the worth of Fame—a star
Pluck'd from high Heaven to set upon the brow—
Speak it again, for it is sweet to hear
Praise from the voice we love; and there is soft,
And hath a touch of tenderness, as 'twere
A gentle flower, grown musical.
Dempster.

☞ "Dear me, how grand you are growing, Isaac," said Mrs. Partington, as that young gentleman insisted upon it that he wouldn't eat anything but strawberries for his supper, when a friend had kindly sent in a box; "how grand you are a growing; by-me-by you will want to board at the Brevier House, and live on Manilla ice-cream. You mustn't be so glutinous, dear; I don't like to see a little boy with such velocity of appetite."

☞ A gentleman named Dunlop being present at a party where one of the company had made several puns on the names of persons present, remarked that he had never heard his name punned upon, and did not believe it could be done—"there is nothing in the world more easy, sir," replied the punster, "just *lop* off half the name and it is *Dun*."

☞ The Home Journal styles the rioters who were knocked from the pulpit by Father Gavazzi, "vigorous droppings of the sanctuary."

☞ Frenchmen are good talkers; Englishmen good listeners. It is rarely you meet with a Frenchman who can listen as well—or even half as well—as he can talk. The two gifts may be combined in an Englishman, but in a Frenchman never. Your Frenchman may cease talking, he may allow you five minutes to have your say; but then do not flatter yourself he is listening to you, he is only thinking of what he shall say when you have finished.—*Punch.*

☞ Sir Edward Landseer recently remarked to a brother artist, "that he had spoiled many of his pictures by adhering too closely to nature!"

☞ A negro man died in Newark, last week, from eating strawberries. A wager had been laid that he could not eat ten baskets full. He accomplished the feat, won the wager, and died almost immediately after.

☞ The Pope has seen the table-moving experiments performed in his presence, and is satisfied of their reality, says a Paris paper!

☞ To prevent dogs going mad in August—cut their heads off in July.—*Lantern.*

☞ Alexander Smith, of Glasgow, hailed as "the new poet," is an artizan, who has educated himself, seeks ordination in the Scottish Church, and is not yet one-and-twenty.

☞ If you want a favor of a man, laugh at his jokes. If there be anything that the whole human family have a weakness for, it is to pass for wits.

☞ A person was boasting that he had sprung from a high family in Ireland.

"Yes," said a bystander, "I've seen some of the family *so high that their feet could not touch the ground*."

☞ He that breaks his promise forfeits his faith, and so becomes an infidel unto him to whom he promised.

☞ Charles Dickens has announced that he is writing, and means to publish, his veritable autobiography. What a book it will be—provided he romance a little!

☞ A traveller in a steamboat, not particularly celebrated for his acuteness, inquired of a gentleman who stood next to him, what the boat was called, upon which the latter replied, "I think sir, it is called the Regulator, for I observe all other boats go by it."

☞ A Mammoth Cedar.—In Calaveras county, California, is a cedar tree 300 feet high, 92 feet round at the base, with bark 14 inches thick, and tapering elegantly to the top. It is 2,520 years old, and the largest tree in the world. (?) Some of the bark is to be sent to the New York Exhibition.

Miscellaneous.

EXTRAORDINARY INCIDENT IN THE PALACE AT BERLIN.

A most strange incident, which might have led to fatal consequences, occurred, as generally asserted, the other night, at the Palace. Prince and Princess Frederick William of Hesse, in honor of whose marriage the splendid court ball was given on Monday last, had not long dismissed their attendants and retired to rest, after the *fete*, ere they were awakened or startled by the appearance of an individual, who, sword in hand, drew aside the curtains at the foot of their couch, stared for a moment, and then hastily withdrew. The alarm of the young Princess at this apparition, which might have called to mind the legend of the "White Lady," under a new form, may well be conceived; but the Prince, regardless of the hazard of attempting to seize an armed man, evidently of no ordinary daring, sprung to his feet, pursued, and, with the aid of attendants, attracted to the ante-chamber by his calls, arrested and disarmed the intruder. Upon examination, he proved to be one of the so-called *feldjäger* corps, of whom there are some 50 or 60, who in time of war are mounted, and serve as confidential messengers attached to head-quarters. At first, the man, who had no duty to perform in the Palace, but had secreted himself in one of the chambers adjacent to that of their highnesses, declined to account for his intrusion; but, on being warned that his offence was most serious, and might amount to a charge of high treason, he declared that his only motive was to seek his own affianced bride, who was employed in the Palace, and who, as he had been told, was to share the Prince's couch, as the Princess occupied another apartment. On being examined by the competent authorities on the following day, he persisted in his statement, adding that he intended no harm to the Prince and Princess, and that he would not have committed the offence had he not been deceived. As nothing but the most extravagant hallucination could have urged the man to an act of folly so dangerous to himself and others, he has been treated as a lunatic, and will be retained in durance, most probably, until the medical men can answer for his sanity.—*Berlin Correspondent of the Morning Chronicle.*

Table Movements.—This subject has been presented to the French Academy by M. Seguin. It has, however, found no favor with the veteran philosopher, M. Arago, the perpetual Secretary of the Academy, as will be seen from the following statements made by him at the sitting of that body on the 2nd of May last:

"After communicating, as was his duty, the note of M. Seguin, M. Arago referred to some old experiments of M. Ellicot, a clock-maker, which are printed in the Philosophical Transactions, which are explanatory of these table movements. The phenomenon, which is most extraordinary and difficult of explanation, consists of the fact that the infinitely small impulses, so to speak, communicated by the fingers to the wood composing the table, eventually result in producing very considerable motion. Thus, says M. Arago, in the experiments of M. Ellicot, two clocks, with pendulums attached, in separate cases, were suspended from a long wooden strip or bar affixed to the wall, and at the distance of two English feet from each other. The first of these clocks was set going alone, the second remaining quiet. After a certain time had elapsed, the second clock was found to be in motion by means of the imperceptible vibrations transmitted from the first clock through the medium of the solid particles of the bodies on which the two machines rested. Besides this, a very singular circumstance was noted, that after a certain time the second pendulum, which was originally left at rest, was swinging over the widest arc its construction would admit—the first, which was originally set in motion, had come to a state of rest.

"The Secretary remarked that he did not propose to enlarge upon the consequences which may be, and really are, drawn from the facts here referred to, his object being only to show that we are already, and have long since been, in possession of a knowledge of the communication of analogous movements to those presented recently by the table-tippings, and an explanation of which does not need a recourse to any mysterious influences."

Water Through Lead Pipes.—We are frequently told of the deleterious effect upon the system, of water which passes through a lead pipe, but only occasionally are we made sensible of the extent of the danger. Several days ago, a gentleman living a few miles out of the city, caught a couple of trout, and placed them in a trough, the water of which was supplied through a lead pipe, intending to keep them there. In less than three hours they were both dead. Suspicious of the reason of this sudden death, he determined to make another trial, and placed in the trough another trout. The same result followed in less time, and he made a third experiment. The result was still the same, and he considers it a settled fact that a trout, a native of the pure, sparkling stream, cannot live in a lead impregnated water. If such water is poisonous enough to kill fishes, it cannot be without its destructive effects upon the human system.—*Manchester (New Hampshire) Democrat.*

Woman in Man's Attire.—In commenting upon a case of the above character, Mrs. Swisshelm truly says:—

"There appears to be a public sympathy in favor of such *clever* tricks, and almost every week gives some report of a disguised woman righting the wrongs of her sex in a similar manner. To us it appears about as honorable as eaves dropping, or reading other people's confidential letters without their knowledge. Nature has placed a barrier between the sexes, and they ought not to feel the same freedom in presence of the other that they would with persons of their own sex. So that a woman living amongst men *must* hear and see much not intended for any woman's ears, and gain information, the possession of which could never be atoned for, to herself, by money. Nothing but a last resort to escape from some imprisonment which must result in loss of life or virtue could justify the assumption of such disguise. The mere desire to make money is no apology for such a step, and she who could resort to it is destitute of all sense of honor."

Hair-Breadth Escape.—The Dunkirk Journal relates the narrow escape from death of a woman and infant who fell between the cars of the State Line Railroad while the train was in motion. The woman had sufficient presence of mind to remain flat on the ground between the rails, holding the child in the same position; and when the train had passed, the horrified passengers, who expected to behold the mangled remains of two human bodies, found both the mother and the child unharmed. A similar occurrence is recorded in the Rochester papers: Thursday morning, one of the passengers on the emigrant train, just entering the city, went to step from one car to another, and fell between them on the track. Some dozen cars passed over him, but he escaped with a few slight bruises,—having fallen lengthwise upon the track. It was a narrow escape.

Good Taste.—The following remarks, which we take from a high authority, are sensible and timely:

"In designs for embroidery, printed and woven fabrics, and bookbinding, the designs must not *disturb the flatness of the surface* upon which they are drawn, but only diversify it by lines agreeable to the eye. In such designs, *no foreshortening or perspective is admissible*. Paper hangings covered with elaborate architectural designs, conveying the idea that the observer can see through and beyond the surface into space—curtains covered with huge flowers, which are contorted by every fold in the fabric—books with Gothic churches on the covers, and carpets in which the surface appears covered with objects thrusting obstructions at every step—should be condemned as gross violations of good taste."

Tom Moore and the Times.—Moore's political connection with the Times, as a contributor of squibs, at £500 a year, is well known, but it appears from his diary, just published by Lord John Russell, that he was offered the editorship of that paper for at least a limited period. Under date 17th August, 1822, he writes: "Received, to-day, a letter from Brougham, inclosing one from Barnes, (editor of the Times,) proposing that, as he is ill, I shall take his place for some time, in writing the leading articles for that paper; the pay to be £100 a month. This is flattering, to be thought capable of wielding so powerful a political machine."—*Pen and Pencil.*

LAWYERS AND LAWYERS' FEES.

[We ought to have published the following hit at the lawyers, when it originally appeared in the Daily Register, of this city, some time since, but we overlooked it. Better late than never, however.]

We not only respect lawyers, but have a lively admiration for them. Who ever heard of one of them taking a fee in an unjust cause? or doing a hard-hearted thing? or saying what he did not believe? or encouraging litigation? or misrepresenting evidence to the jury? or browbeating a modest witness? or saving a villain by a legal public quibble? De Tocqueville rightly says they are the aristocracy, that is, the best men of the United States. Our own admiration of them is founded on a large experience of their virtues. Let us call up, for a moment, from our pleasantest memories of the past, the images of a few lawyers of our own acquaintance.

There is our friend at Columbus, Mississippi, who never varies from his scale of charges, even for friends. We sent him once for collection a bill of nine dollars against a subscriber. He collected it the same day and sent us, by return mail, his own bill for a fee of fifteen dollars, with a polite dun for the unpaid balance of six. We remitted the amount, thanking him for his promptness.

Then, there is the eminent counsellor, at Lake Providence, who charged us two hundred dollars on a bill of exchange for two thousand, which had been paid on presentation. We remonstrated, and he consoled us for not having collected, through a bank, by the assurance, that if professional etiquette did not forbid, he would certainly reduce his original charge, which he was kind enough to admit was rather too heavy.

A still better man was a Texas lawyer, to whom we entrusted a disputed land-claim on an arrangement called the "halves," very common in that part of the country. A facetious dog was Smith. About eighteen months elapsed without our hearing from him. He then wrote us, in answer of our twentieth epistle, that he had done remarkably well with the claim, having compromised it for half the value of the property; that he had pocketed the half for his fee; and that we were really not indebted to him for anything besides the costs of a suit he had commenced and discontinued. We could have fairly hugged the fellow for his gay and careless humor.

He did not give us half the trouble we had with a lawyer out at Jefferson City, who had collected for us a claim of several hundred. Punctual as a correspondent, he advised us, by the first mail, of the receipt of the money, adding that the mails were made very irregular by the overflowing of the river, and he did not think it safe to remit. We waited until summer time, until one could almost wade the upper Missouri. The river was so low then, he said, that he found it extremely inconvenient to get his paper to the Bank where he usually had it cashed. Two seasons passed by, and innumerable letters were interchanged in regard to remitting, drafts, and inundations. At last, being in need of funds, we wrote that we must insist on having the money, irrespective of the state of the water. He was an honest creature at heart, and sent it, forgetting to add the two years' interest, but deducting twelve per cent. for his fee.

Lawyers will be a little lazy sometimes, and can we blame a man for physical inaptness to activity! The laziest one we ever knew lived at Shawneetown, Illinois. He had promised for a year or two, to remit to Louisville some money he had collected for us. Business-like demands, cajolery, persuasion, argument and menace had no effect on him. He would write no more. At last, we sent him in full the anecdote of the man who was so lazy that he eat apples off the tree, not being energetic enough to raise his hand to pluck them. This touched the right spot, and he roused himself so far as to send us the money. The effort may have killed him; for we have never heard of him since.

In no profession is there a more chivalrous sense of honor than in that of the law. We have a lively remembrance of having been long kept in constant bodily fear by a lawyer of Little Rock, Arkansas. He had maintained a most obstinate silence for more than a year after receiving for use the full amount of a claim. In a letter in which we demanded an immediate and satisfactory adjustment of the matter, he answered that our former letters were too Yankee-like, but he was ready to give us satisfaction at once; he ended by requesting us to name a friend and weapons, and he would come on and fight us on our own ground. We wrote him, by return post, to put a Pickwickian construction on the offensive letter. After applying to some forty lawyers to collect the claim of our belligerent attorney—all of them refused the business on the plea of professional delicacy—we succeeded in retaining one, on promise of twenty per cent. As the warrior's charge was twelve, sixty-eight per cent. was all that ever came in our possession.

The New York lawyers are noble and willing practitioners. Marmion never charged more spiritedly. It was only the other day one of them sent us a bill of sixty dollars for a disposition of a few lines to prove the ... of a firm, adding that he would retain the document until the bill was paid. We hope he will find it good property; we paid five for another.

But we have said enough. Our readers will think of our article as Mr. Brown does of a paper criticism on the bar—that "it is time the thing was stopped." We have shown why and how we admire lawyers. Should any one of them dissent from our views, we will fee another to dispute with him. Why not? Does not the accepted theory make of a lawyer a mere gladiator, with "to let," on his forehead? Let not any one feel, when listening to forensic eloquence, that there is a man behind it!

Sun Stroke.—Exposure to the mid-day sun, during the last few days, has caused a large number of deaths. In this city, from Tuesday morning till Wednesday evening of last week, sixteen persons, principally laboring men, died from this cause alone. The following directions for treating these cases, is said to possess much efficacy, and until the attendance of a physician is procured, it may be well to try it, it is to be applied early to be of use:—

"Place the patient in a cool and airy situation, with his head and shoulders elevated, while one is removing his cravat, unbuttoning his shirt collar, and removing or loosening whatever else that may be tight about his person, dash suddenly cold water on the head. This may be done with a pitcher, or any suitable vessel, held at some little distance above the head, pouring out upon it a large and steady stream.

"Mustard plasters may also be used on the upper part of the feet, and on the wrists. Continue the water, and the patient may be saved. It is hardly possible to speak too highly of the beneficial influences of cold water in the treatment of *coup de soleil*. Many cases of this, and also of apoplexy, have been most successfully cured by it."—*Sci. American.*

A Chapter on Bonnets.—The Home Journal contains the following, which may be interesting to our readers:

"Bonnets without fronts we are used to—the last Parisian novelty is a bonnet without a crown! 'These bonnets,' says a Paris letter, 'have three great qualities—light as a feather, transparent as gauze, and hanging on the neck like a Neapolitan plateau. This bonnet is an assemblage of flowers, ribbons and lace, or of taffetas, richly embroidered in large ... with straw, which shades the knot of the hair, which falls on the nape of the neck. I have said "bonnets without crowns;" ... sure they have any front? We can ... say; if the narrow, black lace which ... and playfully falls on the forehead, and gracefully encircles the face, is the only front, we certainly dare not give this coiffure the name of bonnet. On each side, bunches of flowers, as well as the broad strings, complete the harmony. The designs are embroidered, to match the plateau. This bonnet requires particular attention in the dressing of the hair. The summit of the head must be left free, and the hair arranged quite low. These bonnets are destined to create a sensation in the fashionable world, but only the very pretty and the very young ... to adopt this novelty.'"

The Human Family.—From a curious statistical digest just published in Europe, it appears that the human family numbers 700,000,000; the annual loss by death is 18,000,000, which produces 634,400 tons of animal matter, which in turn generates by decomposition ... cubic feet of gases, which are cleared from the atmosphere by vegetable matter composing and assimilating them for their uses. This is an interesting subject for philosophy.

Hard Hits.—Punch says, considering how many members purchase their seats, that the laws that are made in Parliament may be called by-laws.

It defines the poultry mania to be "a strong tendency to brood over chickens."

The Rapping Spirits pay no duty, for the simple reason that they don't arise to pro...

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1853.

General News.

AIR LINE RAILROAD TO THE PACIFIC.

One of the lines projected through Illinois, designed to carry the trade of the North-West to Philadelphia, is a railroad extending West from Fort Wayne through Indiana, Illinois and Iowa. This "air line" as it is denominated, is very near the line of the South Pass and Platte River, and is therefore in the general direction of the overland California emigration. Companies have been formed in three States, and surveys have already been commenced. Col. Samuel R. Curtis has been offered the post of Chief Engineer.

The Fort Wayne (Indiana) Sentinel, of recent date, thus speaks of this work:

Western Air Line, and Fort Wayne and Mississippi Railroads.—It may not perhaps be generally known that we are in the direct route of an almost air line road from the Eastern cities to the Pacific, viz.: the South Pass; but such is nevertheless the fact. Arrangements are already in progress for its construction as far West as the mouth of the Platte, up the valley of which stream is the great route for the overland travel to California, being an almost due West course to the South Pass. Whenever the Pacific Railroad shall be constructed the line running through Fort Wayne will be its direct Eastern connection with the Atlantic cities.

To the East, our Ohio and Indiana Railroad, leading directly to Philadelphia, is already in a state of great forwardness, and will be completed by the close of the present year. To New York by this route is shorter by 60 or 70 miles than by any other road. From Fort Wayne west, the Fort Wayne and Mississippi railroad to the Illinois Line and the Western Air-line thence to the Mississippi at New Boston, are now being surveyed, and will probably be placed under contract during the present season. This line is a perfect air line, due West without curves, and no grade exceeding 25 feet to the mile, from Fort Wayne to the Mississippi, a distance of 305 miles. A meeting is called at Wapello, Iowa, for the purpose of extending this road to the Mississippi, at the mouth of the Platte, in a direct West course from New Boston; and here there can be no doubt the Pacific Railroad will commence, running still due West to the South Pass. This whole line, from Philadelphia to the South Pass, is an almost air line, running its entire length between the parallels of 51 to 42 deg. North latitude, and crossing and intersecting with the innumerable North and South roads in the several States, which will thus become feeders and tributaries to this main East and West trunk. The distances of the route are—

New York to Philadelphia,	90 miles
Philadelphia to Fort Wayne,	667
Fort Wayne to Illinois Line,	121
Illinois Line to New Boston,	182
New Boston to Platte River,	249
Mouth of Platte to the Pacific,	1 800
New York to the Pacific,	3,102

Foreign News.—The most important news brought by the Africa, is the capture of Nankin by the insurgent Chinese,—the inhabitants of Chang Choo and Shanghai had totally deserted those towns, in expectation of an attack.

It is stated that the despatch in question advises a state of extreme consternation throughout the whole North of China, that all business at the ports, except Canton, was at a stand still.

The slaughter, in small engagements, was great, and no produce of any kind coming down, the canal communication being closed.

In confirmation of these accounts, received by Messrs. Walter, it is reported here that all teas were withdrawn from the London market, on the day of steamer Africa's sailing.

The Turkish and Russian Difficulty.—This matter was occupying almost exclusively the attention of the public mind in England.—The accounts are still extremely conflicting.—The Russians seem determined to occupy, if they have not already occupied, the Danubian Provinces, which France declares she will regard as a violation of treaty stipulations.

England has not taken any decided steps, so far as has transpired.

The latest accounts say that Russia accepts the mediation of Austria.

A despatch in the London Times of Saturday, dated Constantinople, June 9th, announces the arrival of the Czar's *last* ultimatum, insisting upon the unconditional acceptance of the demands previously made on Turkey by Prince Menschikoff. There was every probability that the Porte would persist in its refusal.

The British fleet left Malta for the Bay of Besika on the 8th.

The Russian squadron had left Sebastopol for the Circassian coast.

The Porte's promised concessions in favor of the Christians, is to appear in the form of an order to the Patriarchs of the two Churches.

Ex-President Van Buren, and many other Americans, attended the last Ball given by the Queen.

The prosecution against Hale, the rocket manufacturer, has been quashed by Lord Palmerston, on Hale's petition.

A resolution for the repeal of the duties on soap, was agreed to in the House of Commons on the 17th.

Lord Palmerston stated that 206 grave-yards had been closed within the limits of London, and the remainder would be closed as soon as possible.

Lord Dudley Stuart has on the order book a notice of a motion to have laid before the House a Treaty, signed in 1849, relating to the Danube Principalities, and known as the Treaty of Balta Liman. An order has also been recorded, calling for information respecting the demands of Russia on Persia.

Various rumors were circulated on the Exchange, during the week, that the Russians were to enter the Danube Principalities on the 15th.

The good offices of Austria on the Turkish question have been accepted by Russia, notwithstanding the doubts expressed in some quarters, of the accuracy of the statement of Austria being considered too much under the influence of Russia to act as an impartial mediator.

The London Standard and Sun seem to regard it as true, and assume that a pacific termination will be made, in faith of which some large transactions have already taken place.

The King and Queen of Hanover came to London to stand as sponsors to Queen Victoria's child.

Hon. Rev. A. P. Percival, the Queen's chaplain, had committed suicide.

In the House of Commons, Lord Beaumont called attention to the State Law of South Carolina, in respect to colored seamen, (British subjects) and moved for the correspondence which has taken place between England and the United States on the subject. The motion was agreed to.

Louis Napoleon had warned the Italian Refugees not to encourage an insurrection in Italy; as Austria would immediately occupy their country.

Eugene Sue, it is said, will soon return to Paris, by permission of the Government.

Victor Hugo is now in the East, and about to take up his residence in Portugal.

A violent agitation has taken place at Milan, in consequence of another appeal by Mazzini to the army, having appeared. To be prepared for what may happen, the Austrian Government has ordered the concentration of a large force at Gallarete, between Milan and Arona, not far from the Piedmontese frontier. Numerous arrests and seizures of arms have been made.

It is confidently said that Radetsky has been empowered to adjust the differences between Austria and Switzerland.

A Republican Waiter.—We clip the following patent claim from the *Scientific American*:

Self-Waiting Dining Tables.—By Lea Perry, of Patterson, Pa. I claim a self-waiting table, constructed and arranged as described, viz: having an endless band situated beneath the table, and kept in constant motion during meals, by any power applied through the crank or other means, to which a band is firmly attached at convenient distances apart, guiding carriers, &c., which pass up through, and are supported by small railway trucks, &c., and move in guiding apertures in the top of the table, and upon the tops of which are placed waiters, whereon dishes are put and constantly conveyed around, before the guests on both sides of the table, in combination with the said endless band conveyers.

I also claim an additional shelf or second table, over the central portion of the table, above the waiters, for the purpose of holding castors, &c., which do not require to be frequently moved or replaced, as set forth.

Religion Among the Slaves.—Mr. Brooks, editor of the "New York Express," in one of his letters from Georgia, mentions the following facts:

"In Savannah, in three Baptist Churches and one Methodist, there are 2,990 colored persons, one-half of whom are slaves. The pastor of one of the Baptist Churches is a slave, and the other two are free colored persons. These Churches contribute liberally for foreign and domestic missions, the home poor, &c. At the Georgia Baptist Association, held in Warren County last September, *five slave preachers were present, and voted upon all questions presented for consideration*. In South Carolina there are more than forty thousand slaves who are church members; and in the entire South the Baptist and Methodist Churches already have 264,000 slave members."

The American Complaint Against Greece.—Mr. King's affair has entered another phase. The twelve or fifteen thousand drachmas which were required as an indemnification for the piece of ground taken from him for public purposes, was granted at once.

Mr. Marsh's second demand, that the sentence of Areopogus, condemning Mr. King to a fortnight's imprisonment, be annulled, has been refused.

The two U. S. frigates which were expected, had not arrived on the 27th of May.

Indemnity for Filibuster Riots.—Those Spanish subjects at New Orleans whose property was destroyed by the Cuban filibuster party, at the time the news was received of the execution of Crittenden and others, leaders of the buccaniers, have been indemnified by the Government. The awards were made to ten or twelve different individuals, in sums varying from $600 to $23,000; and in the aggregate amounted to $50,886.

NEWS ITEMS.

We notice, in a published list, that the prices of provisions and marketing in Boston, are from twenty-five to fifty per cent. less than they are in Philadelphia, and considerably less than in any other of the Northern cities.

A little girl named Maria Wilkins, was stung to death by hornets, near Fort Ancient, Ohio, on Sunday week. Her brothers were throwing stones at the nest, and ran away, while she became a victim to the infuriated insects.

Statistical tables show that for two years past St Louis has been falling back as a grain and provision market, while at the same time Chicago has been improving as a grain market. The great advantages to St. Louis of river navigation to the Gulf, are being fast counterbalanced by the improved and cheapened transportation from Chicago to New York, via the Lakes.

Smoking in the Cars.—An important railway question was recently decided in England. The Edinburgh and Glasgow Company were sued by a passenger, who held a yearly ticket, for damage sustained by him from the danger of fire and the injuries to his feelings, in consequence of the non-enforcement of the rule against smoking. The decision was, that the Company were liable, in every case of smoking, to the infliction of a penalty of 40 shillings, and they were fined accordingly.

Wool growing is making some progress in Virginia, and the farmers and planters of the old Dominion are paying considerable attention to the subject. We find in a late number of the Richmond Dispatch a notice of some samples of Virginia grown Saxony and Merino wool, which the editor of that paper pronounces as worth, in any market, the former 90 to 95 cents per pound, and the latter 60 cents. It has been found by experience to be one of the most profitable pursuits to engage in, and the business is steadily increasing throughout the whole Piedmont region.

The New York Legislature having passed a law in 1848, exempting the property of the wife from being taken for her husband's debts contracted before marriage, have now equalized the law by passing an act exempting the property of the husband from the debts of the wife which may have been contracted before marriage.

Restricting the Sale.—The Police Court of Kemper County, Miss., have raised the license fee for drinking saloons to $1,000. One of the two establishments of the kind in DeKalb has already been closed, and the other will share the same fate in August.

The examination into the circumstances connected with the Montreal riots continues to progress. It appears probable that the order to fire was given to the troops by some unknown and irresponsible person, who escaped detection, owing to the crowd and confusion.

Old Ancestry.—There is now living in Shrewsbury, York County, Pa., a son of Mr. George McAbee, whose father, grandfather, great-grandfather, and great-great-grandfather are all on the stage of action.

Speed.—A fast train on the Pennsylvania Railroad, when near Greensburg, lately, it is said, ran ten miles in seven and a half minutes, which is at the rate of eighty miles an hour.

A young colored man, named James P. Barnett, who was recently refused admission to the lectures before the College of Physicians and Surgeons, having applied to Judge Rosevelt for a mandamus, giving or restoring to him all the privileges of a white student, his Honor decides that the admission or exclusion of applicants is a matter which rests solely with the Trustees, or, on appeal, to the Regent of the University.

The storekeepers of Lancaster City are resolving to close their stores in the evening, during the Summer months.

A Swedish artist, Carleman, has made a new discovery, so said, which he calls photochromography, by means of which he takes from 300 to 400 copies per day, of objects in all their natural colors.

The Christians in Turkey are said to be daily increasing in wealth, power, knowledge and enterprise, and, in the fullness of appointed time, it is not unlikely that they will supercede the Turks as the dominant race.

A new Seidlitz powder, in one paper, is now used, and found to be as useful as any. It is composed of one part of bicarbonate of soda, and two parts of bitartrate of soda. Half a teaspoonful is dissolved in spring water.

An editor in Paris, who had published an article, evincing a certain degree of attachment to Henri V., and confident that all would yet come right, has received a warning for expressing a "culpable and anti-national hope."

Curious Experiment.—A Frenchman, M. Herbert, has recently exhibited some curious experiments, by which plants are made to blow instantaneously. The means used, was a chemical mixture with which he watered the geraniums, which immediately began to open their buds, and in ten minutes the plants were in full bloom. With a rose-tree he was, however, less successful.

The Flying Ship.—M. Petin, one of the most intrepid aeronauts of Paris, has gone to New Orleans, where he has positively succeeded in obtaining subscriptions to the amount of 500,000f., or £20,000 sterling, for the construction of a huge flying machine, with which he has engaged to travel from New York to Paris in 36 hours.

The total value of India rubber goods manufactured in the United States, is estimated at ten millions annually, and nearly the whole trade has sprung up since 1844.

Look Out, Girls.—At the State Fair to be held at Pittsburg, in September next, there will be a premium offered to girls under twenty-one years of age, (and we never saw one beyond that yet,) of a silver cup for the best ten pounds of butter, and for the second best a pair of silver butter knives. For the best five pounds of butter, a set of silver teaspoons, and for the second best, a silver cup.

Novel Plague.—Fleas are said to abound to an extraordinary extent in the Western corner of Chartiers township, Alleghany county, over a space of some three miles, filling the houses, and almost driving the inhabitants distracted. Some have succeeded in driving them away, by whitewashing everywhere about their dwellings, stables, &c., and strewing lime plentifully about—but others are still suffering from this plague.

A memorial has been circulated in Charleston, S. C., to prevent colored persons from riding about the streets in a carriage or on horseback. The papers deprecate the movement as being unjust and oppressive, and inconsistent with the usages of the city, whose pride and boast is that the slaves are comfortable and happy, and the free colored persons subject to no restrictions save such as are necessary to a wholesome police.

More Home Manufactures.—Nine Pottawattamie Indian warriors have arrived at Louisville, en route to the Crystal Palace Fair.

Singular Cause of Death.—Nathan Holmes, Jr., aged 22 years, died in Plymouth, Mass., a few days ago, from bleeding at the gums, in consequence of the extraction of a tooth, two years since.

Charles Kean has brought out Byron's Sardanapalus at the Princess's Theatre, with Layard's Nineveh illustrations, making quite a unique entertainment.

A coroner's inquest, in London, upon the bodies of persons killed by the explosion of the boiler of a steamboat plying on the Thames, had resulted in a verdict of manslaughter against the Government Surveyor or Inspector, for not having made a proper inspection of the boat.

St. Charles Hotel.—We learn from the N. O. Picayune, that the entire cost of the St. Charles Hotel, was $598,320 13. This includes taxes, interest on bonds, insurance, &c. The cost of the building alone was $424,445 73. The present debt of the Company is $281,000 in seven per cent. bonds. The house has been leased until 1859, at $12,500 for the remainder of this year, $30,000 for 1855, and $40,000 per annum for the succeeding four years. The annual rent of the basement stores is estimated at $16,000.

Iron Cars.—A correspondent of the Boston Journal says that an establishment has just been opened near Harlem, N. Y., for the manufacture of railroad cars wholly of iron. The builders are said to be men of capital and enterprise, and have already orders for all the cars they can construct.

Mrs. Stowe in Paris.—A letter from Paris says:—"Mrs. Stowe has been in Paris about ten days. She seems to be travelling *incognito*, for with the exception of one or two extremely small and exclusively American soirees for her, she has met with little or no attention. I do not think that a hundred people are aware of her presence in Paris."

The French and American Ship Race.—American ship President Fillmore, Capt. Pendleton, from Bordeaux to this port, was last evening reported below in the river. This is the ship between which and the French clipper ship Benjamin a race was started from Bordeaux here. Large bets are pending in Bordeaux on the result. The Benjamin is not yet reported; consequently the President Fillmore has won the race.—*N. O. Pic., June 25th.*

The Last Filibusters.—The New Orleans Courier says that the two "suspicious vessels armed to the teeth," which the telegraph reported a day or two ago as having left the mouth of the river, turn out to be a couple of pleasure boats in which some citizens of Plaquemina were making an excursion.

George Gates, under sentence to be hung at Ottawa, Ill., on the 28th inst., recently replied to a clergyman, who conversed with him about preparing for death, that he was engaged in writing a history of his life, which would keep him so busy, that he hardly thought he could spare the time to complete it, and also to make desired preparation for that grave event.

St. Louis continues to exhibit evidences of continued prosperity. As an illustration of its growth, and of the confidence of the inhabitants in its future progress, it is stated that warehouses in business parts of the town rent for from twenty-five hundred to seven thousand dollars per annum. Similar dwellings to those that lease in Baltimore for four or five hundred dollars per annum, rent for double that sum in St. Louis.

In several of the northern counties of Ohio the foliage of the forest trees has been in certain districts, so generally devoured, that most of the limbs are entirely stripped of their leaves, by a brown bug, which flies at dusk and settles upon them. It is about an inch long, and a quarter of an inch in width across its back.

The Flowage Bill has been defeated in the Connecticut Legislature. It provided that private property might be taken by mill-owners, on the assessment of three commissioners for the purpose of flowing it in cases where dams are raised or built.

Kossuth.—An application was lately made to Kossuth to know if he would accept an invitation to visit Sheffield, to be presented with a testimonial. In his reply he says: "It is no affectation on my part, but under present circumstances, I can pledge myself to nothing, *not even to being in England*. If affairs were to be tranquil, if circumstances permit me, I should feel honored to visit Sheffield as suggested."

The journals of St. Johns characterize the arming of the American fishing vessels as acts of piracy.

Advance in the Price of Raw Silk.—It is stated that, since the arrival of the Baltic, there has been very quick inquiry for raw silk in New York; prices have advanced *one dollar per pound* on all French raw silk, while sewing-silk is held much firmer, and seems to be on the eve of a rise.

Losing Business.—The New York Mirror says $40,000 have been sunk, in that city, in the endeavor to sustain a National Democratic paper.

Alfred, the negro, who was the chief mover of the late contemplated servile insurrection, made a fierce assault on the keeper of the police jail. He bit him, struck him with a chain and caused the blood to flow. He will be examined on the 27th, and probably ordered for execution.—*N. O. Orleanian, 25th.*

POLITICAL NEWS.

The Maine Liquor Law.—The New Hampshire House of Representatives, 131 to 114, has refused to take the Maine Liquor Law from the table, which settles the fate of the measure for a year in that State.

Rhode Island Constitutional Convention.—The returns from the election in this State, for delegates to the Constitutional Convention, show a decided majority of Conservative delegates elected, and a majority of over 1,300, so far, against holding the Convention.

Capital Punishment.—A bill, abolishing capital punishment, passed the Connecticut Senate on the 25th. It substitutes solitary confinement, with a provision that the convict shall not be pardoned, unless new evidence of his innocence transpires.

The Appointments.—Mr. Wm. Zantzinger, Disbursing Clerk of the State Department, and an intimate friend of Mr. Webster, was removed recently, to make room for Mr. Stubbs, the individual who was removed by Mr. Clayton for furnishing Charles J. Ingersoll with the facts, from disbursing accounts in the State Department, upon which he based his serious charge against Mr. Webster. The appointment of Stubbs has incensed Mr. Webster's friends, who consider it an endorsement by the administration of Mr. Ingersoll's charges.

The New Hampshire Resolutions.—The Legislature has passed the resolutions, sustaining the Administration of General Pierce. The resolution urging the acquisition of Canada and Cuba was rejected.

The Maine Law.—Advices from St. Johns, New Brunswick, to the 1st instant, state that great excitement had been occasioned by an attempt, on the part of the authorities, to enforce the Maine Law in that city. The public feeling upon the occasion had got to so high a pitch that the Temperance Hall had been blown up with powder, and almost demolished.

The bill submitting the question of having a prohibitory law, has passed both Houses of the Wisconsin Legislature. It passed the Assembly on the 25th ultimo, by the vote of 40 for to 12 against it.

New School Presbyterian Church.—We learn from the New York Evangelist that a South-Western Convention of Ministers of this church has been called to meet at Murfreesboro, Tenn., on the 15th of July, having for its objects the cultivation of a mutual acquaintance among the scattered preachers in that wide field, devising plans for the spread of the church, procuring more ministers, employing the press more effectually, and adopting other measures for the propagation of the faith in that interesting portion of our country. A call for this assemblage was issued before the meeting of the late General Assembly at Buffalo, and the Evangelist states that it has nothing to do with the subjects there discussed, nor with the interests of the South as affected by that body; though the same paper adds, that it is possible the subject may come up. The Rev. Drs. Anderson, Clelland, Ross, White, and many other leading divines of the South-West, have signed the call, and it is supposed that the Convention will gather together almost the entire strength of the Church in that section. It attracts particular attention, just at this time, on account of the discussions on the subject of slavery, which took place at the late meeting of the General Assembly in Buffalo; and, following so soon after that event, it does seem possible, as the Evangelist observes, that the exciting question of the day may force itself upon the consideration of the Convention.

Some statistics, which are given by the Evangelist, show that the last General Assembly was decidedly in advance of all its predecessors since the separation, in the number of members and the Presbyteries they represented. We quote below the figures:

Year	Presbyteries	Com'rs	Ministers	Elders
1839	74	141	80	72
1840	56	87	58	39
1841	73	114	73	41
1846	88	142	87	55
1848	87	125	86	40
1850	87	140	86	54
1851	92	154	99	54
1852	98	181	108	73
1853	100	200	115	85

It will be seen that at the Assembly of this year there were 200 Commissioners present, representing no less than 100 Presbyteries; but, in addition to this, reports were received from five other Presbyteries whose Commissioners were not appointed, or which were so remote that their Commissioners could not attend. In this latter case was the Presbytery of San Francisco, California. It will be observed that this table gives only the number of Presbyteries actually represented, and not the whole number entitled to representation. The latter number is now 108.

The German Emigration.—The excessive emigration that is now taking place from the South of Germany—a Teutonic Exodus—is mainly attributable to the dearness of provisions. From Bohemia and Moravia we hear of hundreds of families constrained to subsist on grass and roots. In the Palatinate and Rheinhessen, formerly remarkable for cheap living, the complaints of dear provisions have become general. Potatoes cost six times, hay five times, as much as they did thirty years ago. Even in Prussia, the price of corn (rye) has risen in some parts to 60 thalers (£9) the wispel (24 bushels). Representations were lately made to the President of the Ministry, and the Minister of Finance, stating that in Berlin, with a population over 400,000, there are at present only 1,200 wispels of rye on hand, of which 200 are already sold, and that prices have been rising steadily for many years past, and the supply not increasing.

In some parts of the South of Germany, two-thirds of the land that formerly produced wheat and potatoes now bears tobacco.

State Scholarships and Aid to Normal School-Scholars.—The Massachusetts Board of Education has just issued a circular relating to the recent act of the Legislature, establishing State Scholarships, to aid in educating young men, in School and College, for Principal Teachers of the High Schools of the Commonwealth. The Board announce that in January next, they will hold a meeting for the purpose of districting the State, and making other necessary arrangements for carrying out the intentions of the Legislature in this act, of which due notice will be given.

The Board further announce that they have made the necessary arrangements for the distribution of the proposed aid to the attendants on the State Normal Schools, who live remote from said schools, and cannot therefore as conveniently and cheaply enjoy the advantages of these schools as those who live in towns where these are situate, or in their immediate vicinity.—*Boston Atlas.*

Horses.—The horse trade has of late years assumed an importance in Philadelphia and New York, which few persons attach to it. A fact is mentioned by the Lancaster Independent Whig, which shows this strikingly. It is, that a single forwarding house in that city, Messrs. Powl & Mishler, has, since the beginning of the present year, sent 1,183 head of horses, by railroad, to Philadelphia. So exceedingly great has been the growth of this city, as well as New York, that the number of horses required for use is immense, and constantly augmenting.—Hard work, warm weather, disease, casualty, age, and other causes, diminish the number of our horses continually, and the chief supplies to replace them and to meet the growing demand, are derived from the interior of our own State, and the great West.

The Original Washingtonians.—John H. W. Hawkins, in denial of the statement going the rounds, (attributed to John B. Gough,) that the leader of the Baltimore Washingtonian movement is keeping a low groggery in Baltimore, gives the present standing of the original six, as follows:

"David Anderson, master blacksmith, doing well, and accumulating property; John F. Hoss, master carpenter, doing well; James McCurley, a master coach maker, doing well, also accumulating property; Archibald Campbell silver-plater, doing an extensive business; William R. Mitchell, on his own farm, seven miles from Baltimore—unfortunately does not keep his pledge; George Steers, died in 1841, a sober man—kept his pledge to the last."

Poison of Rattlesnakes.—At a late meeting of the Boston Society of Natural History, a paper was read showing that this poison is a most powerful sedative, and that stimulants were its antidotes. Alcohol is designated. In two instances in which this remedy has been applied, the persons have been cured. Brandy was freely given to them until relieved from the usual symptoms, and continued in smaller doses until the third day, when they went about as usual. Alcohol, in these cases, did not produce intoxication. The venom of rattlesnakes is now employed as a remedy, and is already found to be a specific for very many maladies.

Spiritual Humbug.—There is a great deal of humbug mixed up with this spiritual theory, as witness the following ridiculous notice, from the New York Tribune:

"Lecture by the Spirits.—This evening, Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun will deliver a lecture through the mediumship of Rev. R. P. Wilson, Spiritually Magnetized, at Hope Chapel.

"Subject—'The True Principles of Government.' One part of the lecture will be dictated by Henry Clay, and the other by John C. Calhoun. Commence at 8 o'clock. Admission 25 cts."

The Jews Against the Rappings.—While table-moving and "rapping" are practiced by persons of all the more modern religions, and of no religion, not excepting the Mormons, and we even hear that some of the Roman Cardinals are experimenting in the new mystery, the doctors of a much older faith denounce it, and forbid their disciples to meddle with the accursed thing. These are the Jewish Rabbis of Poland, who declare that table-moving is irreligious, opposed to the laws of Moses, and on pain of damnation to be avoided as a great sin.

From California.—The Georgia arrived at New York on the 29th ult., with the California mails to the 1st ult., and one million nine hundred and forty one thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight dollars on freight.

When off Havana, on the 24th, placed in quarantine, and no person was allowed to leave the ship. There was no sickness on board.

Rival Reapers.—Mr. C. H. McCormick, patentee of "The Virginia Reaper," which received the great medal at the World's Exhibition in London, and who obtained thereafter a judgment for nearly $20,000 against Seymour & Morgan, Brockport, for infringements on his patent, obtained last week at Cooperstown an injunction against the same firm for more recent infringements. The defendants have appealed against the original judgment to the Supreme Court at Washington, but the appeal has not yet been tried. Meantime, they are stopped by Judge Nelson's injunction from selling or vending until the case is finally disposed of.

Miscellaneous.

ROMANCE IN POLITICS.

We look for romance in politics last of all places in the world; yet we have rarely read of a pleasanter incident than that related in the Cincinnati Enquirer, of Governor Seymour, of Connecticut, in connection with a statement that he would probably be appointed Minister to Mexico. The Governor, it is known, is a bachelor, whose pecuniary circumstances have heretofore forbidden his taking upon himself the responsibility of a family—his patriotism outweighing his peace, as his honors have far exceeded his emoluments.

While Colonel in Mexico he was taken sick, and was received into the house of one of the richest and most respectable of American citizens, where he received the kindest attentions until his restoration to health. There was a daughter of the house—young, beautiful, and accomplished. He was brave and she was fair, and of course they could do nothing else than get desperately in love. She was rich, and he was proud as he was poor, and this was the barrier to the consummation of their earthly felicity. The state of things coming to the knowledge of President Pierce, he promptly tendered to his old friend and fellow-soldier the high place of Ambassador to her country, the honors of which position are at least equal to her gold, and will place them upon such equal footing that he may claim her as his bride without dishonor. Amicable relations will thus be established between the two countries, both will be well served, and the highest reward conferred upon a brave soldier and a faithful public servant.

Markets on Wheels.—The Railroad Journal has a prophetic article, it which it expresses the belief that the time will come when all the streets of New York city will be furnished with railroads and cars, that "tracks will connect and cross at all street crossings, so that a cart starting from anywhere will run to everywhere and through everywhere, from Kingsbridge to the Battery, and from side to side of the whole city, and there will be turnouts into thousands of places of manufactures and commerce. Nay, more, all sorts of wheel carriages will be adapted to the gauge and groove of the track, and all things and people will be riding on a rail.—And this system of railroads will be used to furnish an easy supply of food from the country, so that the mechanic and merchant will find it at his own door, and be able to purchase it at a cheaper rate than is charged at the great monopolizing markets at a distance from their dwellings. Cars loaded with all sorts of daily food, from all parts of the country, ready for family use," says the Journal, "may be run into one hundred small market places, even if those places are no more than a turnout by the curbstone on the side of a wide street, where these cars may stand from daylight to eight o'clock in the evening, supplying meats, poultry, fruits, vegetables, butter and eggs to the people, two or three squares around; and then move off to the general station, to carry back city supplies to the country from whence the food came."

A High Court.—A good story is told of an eminent clergyman of this city, who is about to remove away to pursue his professional labors in a sister city. His congregation have been paying him a good salary, say $1,200 per year, and a short time since he was offered $2,000 to go to a certain other place. The proposition was a handsome one; but the divine concluded to leave the decision, as to whether he should accept or refuse the proposal, to a committee of his own church. They decided, after a long consultation among themselves, that he was doing a vast deal of good among his spiritual flock in Cincinnati, and that it was his duty to remain and dwell among them. A few weeks passed away, when the clergyman received a renewal of the "call" from abroad, adding that their congregation would give him $3,000 a year, and a house to live in, free of rent. After due reflection the clergyman accepted the offer, stating to the committee that *this time* he had left the decision to the Lord, and was satisfied that this "call" was so *loud* that it was his duty to obey it.—*Cin. Enq.*

A Joint-Stock Weaning Company.—A holy priest was some time ago, in Paris, interdicted from exercising the functions of his calling, and from wearing the costume of his order, on account of certain irregularities inconsistent with the profession. He has lately started a concern called *La Providence des Meres et des Enfans*, the object of which was to take young infants, establish them in what he called "pouponnieres," suckle them, and bring them up. He fixed the nominal capital of this institution at eight millions, took a large and handsome suit of rooms for his office, advertised extensively, and, by dint of offering large per centages to shareholders, he contrived to sell considerable quantities of stock. He established a model "pouponniere" at Sablonville, in the vicinity of Paris; and by pretending to be under the patronage of distinguished people, and to have the authority of the Government, he obtained donations and small endowments from the charitable. Reports unfavorable to the establishment having got wind, the police paid it an unexpected visit. They found there several persons of both sexes, who appeared to be making merry with the funds of the concern, but they saw no traces of infants at nurse, or babies at school. Everybody was arrested, and the priest who had appropriated the proceeds of a bill for 6,000 francs that a tradesman had given to him to get discounted, was clapped into jail, on half-a-dozen distinct accusations. Thus did the Joint-Stock Weaning Company come to an untimely end.

Abuses of Wealth.—A large proportion of our gambling saloons, grog shops, and houses of ill fame, are located in buildings owned by wealthy men, who thus draw their largest revenues from the miseries and vices of the poor and depraved. How applicable to such men is the startling warning of the apostle James:—

"Go to, now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you.

"Your riches are corrupted, and your garmen's are motheaten.

"Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasures together for the last day."—*N. E. (Boston) Farmer.*

Good for Victoria.—The following story is going the rounds of the English papers:—"Two sons of noblemen, at school at Elton, were asked to Windsor Castle to spend the day with the Prince of Wales. His highness having in the course of the day's amusements given himself some airs which the young Etonians had no relish for, one of them gave him a sound drubbing. The circumstance reached the ears of the Queen, who, having ascertained on inquiry, that her son had given sufficient provocation to merit the thrashing, had the good sense to express her satisfaction at the lesson taught him."

A Reverend Joke.—Father Gavazzi, although not exactly a "little joker," frequently makes as happy a hit with his words as he did at Montreal with the pulpit chairs and benches, Wednesday, night, at Metropolitan Hall, he said:—"The important passage of Matthew, said to allude to Peter, 'On this Rock will I build my church,' has been made rather clear to me since my Canadian tour. I can really now believe, without much difficulty, that the Roman Catholic Church is built upon this rock, after having witnessed Roman Catholics coming into church with their pockets full of Saint Peter!"

Origin of Injustice.—During a hunting expedition, they were preparing for Nushervan the Just some game, as roast meat. There was no salt, and they despatched a slave to the village to bring some. Nushervan said, "Pay for the salt you take, in order that it may not become a custom, and the village ruined." They said, "What harm will this little quantity do?" He replied, "The origin of injustice in the world was at first small, but every one that came added to it, until it reached its present magnitude."

Medical Reforms.—At the recent meeting of the Pennsylvania Medical Society, Doctor Carson, the President, expressed the hope that future discovery might bring out some simple vegetable remedy, to take the place of mercury. He also took the bold ground that brandy, wine and malt beverages were never necessary in the treatment of any affection whatever, and that there were no cases in which substitutes equally efficacious could not be found.

Nunneries.—In Prussia, no novice can take the veil without being first examined as to the sufficiency and propriety of her motives in desiring to take this step. In Russia, no convent can receive a nun without making an application to the Synod of Moscow, and producing an affidavit from the novice, showing that it is of her own free will and choice that she is about to enter the institution. In Bavaria, monastic vows are not allowed by law for more than three years, and the civil authorities visit all convents every quarter, not only for fiscal purposes, but in order to restore to the world and to society all nuns who may desire to relinquish the seclusion of their convents. In Austria, the inmates of conventual institutions may at any time address the civil government privately, stating their desire to leave the convents; and such applications at once receive attention. In many of the convents of France, the vows are temporary, and the Mayor of each arrondissement has the power of visiting any convent whenever the civil authorities of a locality think it necessary to do so. In Mexico, where the whole population is Roman Catholic, a law is established for the frequent visitation of nunneries. During the four years preceding 1851, the number of Roman Catholic nunneries in England was increased by 19. The Roman Catholic Dictionary states that in 1851 there were in England and Wales 53 establishments of that description. In 1852, the number was 62, showing an increase of 9; in 1853, the number was 75, an increase of 13—so that the number of these institutions is rapidly augmenting. There are two species of convents—one of the contemplative order, and one of the active order. There are only four houses in all England of the contemplative order.

Lightning Conductors.—We have to record almost daily, during the summer, the effects of lightning upon some building, and not unfrequently attended with the loss of life. These frequent discharges of the subtle element have produced quite a mania for lightning conductors, and a large business is now carried on in the manufacture. But a lightning conductor, unless perfect, is very dangerous. We have intelligence that a building in West Boscawen, N. H., was quite shattered by the action of the fluid. It was protected by two points about twenty feet apart, and joining in the centre,—thence running to the ground by one rod. The fluid struck the rod, and in consequence of an imperfect connection at the joint, the building was shattered.

We have our intelligence from a scientific correspondent, who examined the building.

Not long since, a house in Salem, protected by a rod, was struck and shattered in the same manner; and there are other instances of recent occurrence, of a similar character. Those who erect conductors cannot be too particular in their construction. The safety of any structure can be obtained by attention to a few very simple rules. We frequently see lightning rods so arranged that they greatly increase the risk of the structure to which they are attached. The school houses in New England are not, as a general thing, properly protected by lightning rods.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Use of Fruit.—Something like clear superstition exists, even in our boasted, light abounding day, concerning the use of fruit. This, of course, has no better ground for belief than other mere fancies and whims. Fruit grows for people to eat—in its natural state. A medical writer of sense and note, has the following excellent remarks:—

"Instead of standing in any fear of a general consumption of ripe fruits, we regard them positively conducive to health. The very maladies commonly assumed to have their origin in a free use of apples, cherries, melons, and wild berries, have been quite as prevalent, if not equally destructive, in seasons of scarcity.—There are so many erroneous notions, entertained of the bad effects of fruit that it is quite time that a counteracting impression should be promulgated, having its foundation in common sense, and based upon the common observation of the intelligent. We have no patience in reading rules to be observed in this particular department of physical comfort. No one, we imagine, ever lived longer, or freer from the paroxysms of disease, by discarding the delicious fruits of the land in which he finds a home. On the contrary, they are necessary to the preservation of health, and are therefore caused to make their appearance at the very time when the condition of the body, operated upon by deteriorating causes not always understood, requires their grateful renovating influences."

Ann Arbor.—The Ohio Organ has the following account of the origin of the name "Ann Arbor," in a letter from that flourishing Michigan city:

"Thirty years ago, two travellers, with their wives and children, stopped on the spot where Ann Arbor now stands, and concluded to remain there for the night. The weather was hot and sultry; angry clouds swept along the sky and threatened rain, sudden, severe. Not a house was visible, and in this emergency, the two men were compelled to do something to protect their families from the peltings of the pitiless storm. Accordingly they erected a frail structure with the limbs of trees; over the top of which they spread a few pieces of white canvas, thus making a handsome *arbor*; and as their good wives were both called *Ann*, their husbands appropriately named their little retreat *Ann Arbor*. Thirty years have since rolled by, and the city of Ann Arbor now marks the spot where the wearied travellers sought safety and repose."

Affecting.—In a lecture relative to the riot at Montreal, Gavazzi said:—"No one can deplore this melancholy disaster more than myself, and I hope that no more blood will have to be shed for me. And now, my friends, I will tell you some beautiful anecdotes of this riot. On the next morning many of the friends and relatives of the persons who were killed or injured while going home, came to me, and told me that they bore no enmity at all to me, and offered me their hands, as they were convinced that I was not at all to blame for the fatal result. One old gentleman, who had been injured, I felt bound to express my regret to, but he said, 'Sir, do not speak so to me, for I am glad to have been able to suffer for the cause of truth.'"

God-Forsaken.—Mrs. B——— was a pious old lady, but somewhat quaint in her manner of speech. She was afflicted by an aged and ailing husband, who, as he contributed nothing to his support, was a heavy burden upon the good dame. Lamenting this to a neighbor, she said she "didn't have none of the privileges of a widow. If Mr. B——— was only dead, she might get the widow's wood. He had been seven years a dying, and sometimes *she kinder thought that God had forgotten him!*"

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, July 7, 1853.

REMARKS—There has been but little activity during the past week, and a large number of the mercantile community have left the city on their usual summer excursions. Cotton is held with rather more firmness, but the demand has been moderate, and the late foreign advices have had no perceptible effect upon the market. Bark is rather more inquired after. In Dry Goods there has been but a small amount doing. The steamer City of Glasgow and several packet ships have arrived since our last, with large and seasonable supplies of foreign goods. In Breadstuffs there is no material change to notice. Flour and Meal meet a limited inquiry, but prices are steadily maintained. Wheat and Corn have been in fair request at our former quotations. In Coal and Iron there is no change. The shipments of the former from Richmond this week have been retarded, in consequence of the strike among the workmen upon the wharves. In Lumber there is an active trade going forward. In Naval Stores and Oils no change. Provisions are exceedingly quiet, and the sales have been mostly in retail lots, without change in prices. In Groceries, the transactions have been on a very restricted scale. Rice meets but a very limited demand. In Seeds there is little or nothing doing. Tobacco is held firmly at the late advance, and the stock of Leaf is now materially reduced.—Wool is held firmly. Freights generally are dull.

Imports at the Port of Philadelphia for the month of June, 1853.

	Foreign	Coastwise	Total
Sugar, hhds	5,125	432	5,557
" boxes	1,256		1,256
" bbls	281	100	381
" bags	none		
Molasses, hhds	2,588	25	2,613
" bbls	141	300	441
Saltpetre, bags	1,566	662	2,236
Indigo, pkgs	39		39
Hides, No	8,421	2,882	11,253
" bales	31	304	365
Iron, tons	1,885	110	1,995
" bars	36,915		36,915
" bolts	20,175		20,175
Coffee, bags	5,366		5,366
Rice, casks		37	37
Cotton, bales		2,193	2,193
Tobacco, do	496		496
Mackerel, bbls		1,375	1,375
Lead, pigs	2,000	8,650	1,650
Salt, bushels	73,946		73,946
Salt, sacks	5,013		5,013
Herring, boxes		174	174
Brimstone, cantars	1,900		1,900
Oranges, boxes	3,000		3,000
Lemons, "	1,400		1,400
Sumac, bags	1,400	490	1,886
Barley, bbls	1		1
Rosin, bbls		5,052	5,052
Pitch, "		none	
Tar, "		500	500
Spirits Turpentine, bbls		793	793
Logwood, tons	20		20
Cocoa, bags	5		5

FLOUR AND MEAL—The receipts of Flour continue small, and the stock is becoming reduced. The demand has been limited both for shipment and city consumption, but holders are firm in their demands. The sales for shipment comprise 10a12,000 bbls at $4,62½a4,62½ per bbl for old stock of Western and Pennsylvania, and $4,75 for better brands and recently ground, some strictly fresh ground at $4,94, including 2,000 bbls Brandywine, deliverable the 15th and 20th of August at $5, and 1,000 barrels extra at $4,81¼a5,12½. Sales in lots for the supply of the retailers and bakers at $4,62½a4,87½ for common and select brands, and $5a5,25 for extra, with occasional lots of fancy brands at higher quotations. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are dull, and but little inquired after. Small sales of the former at $3,75, and the latter at $2 62½ per bbl for Pennsylvania, and 700 bbls Brandywine at $3,12½.

GRAIN—The market has been poorly supplied with Wheat during the past week, and the stock is now extremely small. There has been a fair demand for white, but red is neglected. Sales of 20,000 bushels of the former at $1,20a1,22½ per bushel, afloat and in store, and $1,11a1,12 for the latter description, closing at our highest quotations; 1,000 bushels new red, to arrive next week, at $1,05. Rye is dull, and commands 83c. Corn has been in fair demand, and 22a23,000 bushels, mostly Southern yellow sold at 60a61c, afloat; a cargo to-day at 62 cts, and 1,000 bushels white at 59c. Oats are dull. Sales of Delaware at 39c, and Pennsylvania at 41a42 cts per bushel, mostly in store.

PROVISIONS—There has been but little inquiry for Pork; the sales of Mess are only in a retail way at $16, and Sour at $14,87½ per bbl. Mess Beef sells in lots for ship stores at $16,50. Bacon—The market has been very quiet during the past week, and prices remain without change. Sales of Hams at 10¾a12c per lb for plain and fancy canvassed. Sides 8½, and Shoulders at 6¾c per lb, on time. In Green Meats nothing doing. Lard is held firmly. Small sales of bbls at 10½c, and kegs at 11½a11¾c per lb, on time. Prices of Butter and Cheese remain without change.

AMERICAN FABRICS—Prices are firm for most descriptions of Cotton and Woollen Goods, but the sales have been limited. The receipts of foreign goods this week have been large, and the jobbers are preparing for the Fall demand.

ASHES—The sales have been unimportant.

BARK—There has been some inquiry for Quercitron, and 100 hhds No 1 sold at $25 per ton. In Tanner's Bark no change. Sales of Spanish Oak at $15a16,50, and Chesnut at $12a12,25 per ton.

BEESWAX—Continues scarce. Small sales of prime Yellow at 26a29c per lb, cash.

CANDLES—A lot of Adamantine sold for export at 20½c per lb, on time. Limited sales of Sperm and Tallow are making to the trade at former rates.

COAL—Supplies continue to arrive freely both from the Schuylkill and Lehigh Mines, and prices are fully maintained. The shipments at Richmond have been partially suspended in consequence of the strike among the workmen employed upon the wharves. The last sale of Bituminous Coal was at 18c per bushel.

COFFEE—There have been no arrivals during the past week, except a small lot of Maracaibo, and the market has been quiet. The demand has been limited, and only 8a900 bags of Rio were disposed of at 9½a10c per lb, on time.

COPPER—Small sales of English Sheathing at 27 cts, and Yellow Metal at 23a24c per lb, 6 mos.

COTTON—The market has been very quiet during the past week, and the late foreign advices have had no effect upon prices. The stock is now gradually becoming reduced, and holders are firmer in their demands. Sales of 1,500 bales at 9½a11½c per lb, on time, for interior and fair Upland, and 10a13c for New Orleans, but principally of the former description. By auction, 165 bales New Orleans samples sold at 9½a9½c, 4 mos, including some inferior at 7½c, and damaged at 7c per lb, cash.

The following is a comparative statement of the Imports, Stocks, &c., of the Liverpool Cotton market, from January 1 to June 10, 1853, and the corresponding period in 1852:

		All kinds Bales	American Bales
Imports,	1853	1,206,961	971,735
"	1852	1,098,946	963,553
Increase		108,015	8,182
Stock,	1853	815,760	568,540
"	1852	522,580	402,500
Increase		293,120	166,440
Consumption	1853	962,640	671,480
"	1852	906,530	723,230
Decrease		43,910	51,740

DRUGS AND DYES—There has been a small business doing. Among the sales we notice some Soda Ash at 2½a3c; Black Lead 2c; Copperas 1a1½c; Oil of Vitriol 2½c; Refined Borax 28c, and Venetian Red at 2c per lb, on time.

FEATHERS—Continue scarce, and range from 47 to 50c per lb, cash.

FISH—The receipts and stock of Mackerel continue small, and prices are firm. There is a steady demand for lots from store at $12,75a13,50 per bbl for small and large No 1, and $9,50 for large No 3. There is no No 2 in market. In Codfish and Herring nothing doing.

FRUIT—A cargo of 4 400 boxes Palermo Oranges and Lemons, which arrived at the close of last week, has been disposed of from the wharf, on terms not made public. Dried Apples and Peaches are dull at our last quotations.

GINSENG—But little offering; small sales of Crude at 47a50c per lb.

GUANO—There is a steady demand for Peruvian and Patagonia at our last quotations.

HEMP—Small sales of Dew Rot were made last week at $130a135 per ton, on time.

HIDES—There have been no sales this week, and there is no stock in first hands.

HOPS—Continue dull; small sales of first sort at 21a22c per lb.

INDIGO—The demand has been limited, and no further sales have come under our notice.

IRON—The market has been exceedingly quiet during the past week, and the sales of Pig Metal have been only in small lots at $36, 35 and $34 per ton, 6 mos, for the three numbers. Scotch Pig is held at $31, 6 mos. There is a fair demand for Manufactured, without change in prices.

LEAD—Is inactive, and no further sales have been reported.

LEATHER—The stock of both Spanish Sole and Slaughter Leather is small, and prices have an upward tendency.

LUMBER—There has been an active business doing; sales of White and Yellow Pine Boards at $14a15, and Spruce Joist at $16 per M feet. Laths $1a2,12½ per M, the latter for Bangor, to arrive.

There were shipped by the Lehigh during the week ending 25th ult. 1,905,374
Previously 16,392,568

Total this season 18,929,902

MOLASSES—There has been rather more inquiry, and about 500 hhds Cuba sold at 21c, on time.

NAVAL STORES—Sales of 1,600 barrels Rosin at $1,57½ per bbl for common, and $2a3,50 for Soap. In Tar and Pitch no change. Spirits of Turpentine is firmer; sales at 45a47c per gallon.

OILS—Prices are steady for all descriptions of Fish Oils. Linseed Oil sells only in retail lots at 63a64c in casks and bbls. Lard Oil is held firmly at 85c, 4 months.

PLASTER—Is in limited request. Three imports of Soft sold at about $3 per ton.

RICE—The demand has been limited, and the sales only in small lots at 4a4½c per lb, on time.

SALT—Two imports of Turks Island were disposed of on terms kept private.

SEEDS—The sales of Cloverseed are only in retail lots at $6 per 64 lbs. No sales of Timothy—Flaxseed sells in small lots at $1,30 per bushel.

SPICES—No sales worthy of notice have transpired.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are in steady demand, without change in prices. N. E. Rum commands 30c. Whiskey has advanced; sales of 500 bbls at 23c, and hhds at 22a22½c.

SUGAR—The market has been dull during the past week, but prices remain without change; sales of 4a500 hhds Cuba and Porto Rico, but principally of the latter description at 4½a5⅝c, and a small lot of White Brazil at 7c per lb, on time.

TALLOW—Limited sales are making at our former quotations.

TEAS—Prices are firm for all descriptions and there is a fairy inquiry.

TOBACCO—The stock of Leaf Tobacco is now materially reduced, and prices are firm at the late advance. Manufactured is in limited request at former rates.

WINES—No sales worthy of notice have transpired.

WOOL—Supplies of the new clip from the West are coming in more freely. There has been a fair inquiry, partly for the supply of Eastern manufactories, and prices are steadily maintained. Sales of 230,000 lbs at 32 up to 65 cts per lb, 6 months, for unwashed and fine Saxony.

FREIGHTS to Liverpool are firmer. Some Flour was taken at 2s. per bbl., and Grain at 7d. per bush. To the West Indies and the South, but little offering. Colliers are more abundant at Richmond. We quote to Boston $1,75 per ton; Rhode Island, $1,40; and to New York 95a$1.—*Inquirer.*

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER.

No. 26 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm:

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U S 6's '56	109	—	Southwark	68	70
" '62	114½	—	Kensington	68½	70
" '67	120½	121	P Township	34	35
" '68	120½	121	Girard	14½	14¾
" 5s '53	101½	—	Western	72	73
" '65	106	—	Man&Mechs	30½	31
July Interest off			Bk of Com	66	66½
Philada 6s	103½	104	Camden N J	56½	60
" 5s	97	97½	Germantown	67	—
" 6s Gas	106	106½	Trent Bk Co	38½	—
County 5s	97	97½	Pitt'bg Bk	55½	56
Penna 6s	100	—	M & M Pitts	55	—
" 5s	93½	94	Exchange, Pitts	55	—
Kentucky 6s	106	—	Com, Cin	15	—
Tennessee 5s	94½	95	Louis, Ky	116	—
Illinois 6s	81½	—	Kentucky Bk	117½	118
Cincinnati 6s	101	—	Northern	116	—
TexasT Notes	45	48	Union, Tenn	95	96½
" Bds 8s	65	70	Plant's, Tenn	96	97
Schuyl N 6s	83	83½	Vicksburg	16½	17
" 1st	53½	53½	Com, Natchez	—	—
Lehigh N 6s	99	100	N O Gas Bk	123	125
" 1st Loan	95	96	Schuyl Nav	26¼	26½
" Mort 6s	101½	—	" pref'd to	35¼	35½
C & D C'l 6s	98½	99	Lehigh Nav	73½	74
C & Am R 6s	98	98½	C & Del Cal	146	148
BeaMdw R 6s	91	91½	Morris Cl	20½	20¾
Susqueh C 6s	68½	69	Penn&Ohio Cl	—	20
Norrist'n R 6s	100	101	Union Cl	16½	17
Harris R 6s	100½	101	Cam&Am R	152	152½
Wil R 6s	95	95½	Penna R	49½	50
Read R 6s	90½	90½	Bea Mdw R	38	38½
" Mort 6s	98	98½	Lykens Val R	15	—
U S Bk Notes	20	—	North Am Cl	16½	17
U S Bk Shares	4	4½	Susqueh Cl	15½	15¾
N Amer Bk	157	157½	Norristown R	57½	58
Penna Bk	130	130½	Harrisburg R	51½	51¾
Philadelphia	140	141	Wilmington R	36½	37
Far & Mec	73	73½	Reading R	46½	46¾
Commercial	66½	67	Minehill R	71½	71¾
N Liberty	58½	—	N Liberty Gas	30	33
Mechanics	33	33½	N W Min Co	—	33

A GREAT BLESSING TO THE AFFLICTED.

☞ Dr. M'Lane, the inventor of the celebrated Liver Pills, used these Pills for several years in his practice, before he could be induced to offer them to the public in such a manner as to make them known throughout the country. This learned physician felt the same repugnance that all high-minded men of science feel in entering the lists against those unscrupulous empirics who obtrude their useless nostrums upon the public, and rely upon a system of puffing to sustain them. Convinced, however, of the real value of the Liver Pills, and influenced by the plain dictates of duty, the Doctor finally sacrificed his delicate feelings on the altar of public good. His great medicine has not disappointed the expectations of the medical practitioners, at whose instance he was induced to forego his inclinations. From every quarter do we hear the most gratifying accounts of its wonderful curative effects—the East and the West, the North and the South, are alike laden with "tidings of great joy" from the afflicted. These wonderful Pills have completely conquered that great scourge of America, the Liver Complaint.—They may be had at all the principal Drug Stores in the United States.

SUMMER WEATHER.

It should be remembered that during the intense heat of summer, the process of digestion is performed with such extreme languor, that the food, instead of being dissolved and converted into nutriment, becomes spoiled, or *putrefied in the stomach*. Hence bad breath, disagreeable taste in the mouth, colic pains, dysentery, cholera morbus, and other disorders of the intestines.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are a certain cure for the above dangerous complaints; because they cleanse the alimentary canal of those bilious and putrid humors, which are the cause, not only of all disorders of the bowels, but of every malady incident to man.

Beware of Counterfeits!—Country storekeepers would do well to exercise care in buying from pedlars. We understand that a man by the name of HIESTAND, and another by the name of SINES, are offering what purports to be Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. These persons are not authorized agents for this medicine, and the article offered cannot be guaranteed as genuine.

The genuine is for sale by agents in all parts of the United States.

Principal Office 169 Race Street, Philadelphia.

ALMANAC.

July, 1853.	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	High Water	Moon's Phases.
9 Saturday,	4 39	7 21	4 33	
10 Sunday,	4 40	7 20	5 22	
11 Monday,	4 40	7 20	6 20	
12 Tuesday,	4 41	7 19	6 55	D. H. M.
13 Wedn'day,	4 41	7 19	7 43	New 6 5 48
14 Thursday,	4 42	7 18	8 32	First 13 5 9
15 Friday,	4 43	7 17	9 23	Full 20 8 47
16 Saturday,	4 43	7 17	10 18	Last 27 4 53

Marriages.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. A. M. De Wolfe Howe, D. D., Anth. C. Roberts, to Ellen, daughter of B. W. Chase, Esq. all of this city.

On the 15th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Jones, Mr. Edwin A. Ballinger, of Philadelphia, to Miss Harriet A. McMullin, of New Castle, Del.

On the 12th ult. by the Rev. Wm. McGlaughlin, James Ward, to Miss Mary McGraw, both of Southwark.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. H. A. Hunter, Mr. Josiah F. Lewis, of Spring Garden, to Miss Amey R. Springer, of the Northern Liberties.

On the 28th ult. at St. Paul's Church, by the Rev. Samuel Durborow, John Durborow, to Mary, daughter of the late Dr. Geo. W. Riter.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. Geo. P. Nice, Mr. Theodore Lovelace, to Miss Caroline Murdoch, daughter of Mr. Thomas Murdoch, Sr. all of Philadelphia.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. J. H. Iturbide, John M. Kline, to Miss Josephine H. La Vega, of Vera Cruz.

On the 23d ult. by Wm. Collins, Esq., Mr. John M. Armington, to Miss Lydia A. Robert, daughter of Saml. S. Robert, all of Hartford, Burlington county, N. J.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. George A. Durborow, Mr. John Haslett, to Miss H. Elizabeth Datz, both of this city.

On the 8th ult. by the Rev. A. Johns, Mr. George C. Hoppel, to Miss Ann D. Brown, both of Philadelphia.

On the 2d of Feb. last, by the Rev. G. Owen, Mr. Charles P. Lippincott, to Miss Eliza M. Powell, all of Southwark.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Coleman, Mr. John Clark, to Miss Harriet S. Scofield, both of Philadelphia.

In Kensington, on the 19th ult. by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. William S. Fisher, to Margaret A. Bassett.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. Marlon Murphy, to Miss Pauline F. Reed, both of this city.

On the 12th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Conner, of Saint John's Church, John Desmond, Jr. of Philadelphia, to Miss Ellen Duffy, late of Morristown, N. J.

On the 26th ultimo, at St. Joseph's Church, by the Rev. F. J. Barbelin, Mr. Daniel Keen, to Miss Rosanna Kennity.

Deaths.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Milford, May 13th, Richard West, infant son of Purnell and Elizabeth W. Lofland, aged 10 months and 28 days.

On the 28th ult. Mr. Henry Francis, aged 64.

On the 28th ult. Catharine Keppele, wife of the Hon. Wm. M. Meredith, aged 53 years.

On the 28th ult. Ida, daughter of Wm. W. and Mary Fulton, aged 23 months.

On the 28th ult. Cynthia Dicks, aged 58 years.

On the 28th ult. John, son of James and Mary Bangs, aged 16 months.

On the 28th ult. Mrs. Mary, wife of Samuel H. Alexander, aged 78 years.

On the 29th ult. Mrs. Margaret E. wife of John Shuman, aged 62 years.

On the 29th ult. William James, son of Patrick and Ann Lynch, aged 6 months.

On the 29th ult. Mrs. Sarah Green, aged 55.

On the 29th ult. Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Jas. and Sarah McGowan, aged 5 years.

On the 28th ult. Ann, wife of Saml. Camac, aged 45 years.

On the 28th ult. Miss Sarah A. Matthews.

On the 28th ult. Susan Maurer, aged 60 years.

On the 29th ult. Rosanna, wife of John Doyle, aged 30 years.

On the 29th ult. Mrs. Elizabeth Allen, aged 91.

On the 29th ult. at Bristol, Bucks county, Pa. Miss Frances A. Haverstick, aged 16 years.

On the 29th ult. Anna Magdalena, daughter of Geo. and Fanny E. Gabel, aged 17 months.

On the 29th ult. William O'Brien, aged 27.

On the 27th ult. Laura V. Slater, aged 2 years and 6 months.

On the 28th ult. William F. Myers, aged 32.

On the 28th ultimo, Michael Lafferty, aged 23 years.

On the 27th ult. Joseph Weckerly, aged 41.

On the 27th ult. David Stewart, aged 80 years.

On the 27th ult. Martha Ella, daughter of Matthew and Hannah Steie, aged 5 months.

On the 27th ult. Colon McQuillan, aged 2 years and 6 months.

On the 28th ult. Thomas, son of Thomas G. and Sarah C. Smith.

On the 27th ult. Patrick Moore, aged 18 years.

On the 27th ult. Mrs. Elizabeth Maher, aged 63.

On the 25th ult. Arthur L. M'Calmont, aged 2 years and 10 months.

On the 27th ult. Laura Helena, daughter of F. Augustus and Sarah A. Trego, aged 5 years.

On the 25th ult. Elizabeth E. wife of Henry W. Safford.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY I. CRAVEN & Co., BROKERS, *No. 32½ South Third Street.*

PHILADELPHIA, July 9, 1853.

PENNSYLVANIA	
Philadelphia Banks	par
U S Bank notes	18 dis
Harrisburg	½ dis
Chambersburg	½ dis
York	½ dis
Gettysburg	½ dis
Carlisle	½ dis
Middletown	½ dis
Brownsville	½ dis
Pittsburg	½ dis
Washington co	½ dis
Honesdale	½ dis
Waynesburg	½ dis
Erie	1 dis
All other solv't Bks	par
Relief notes	½ dis
NEW JERSEY	
Trenton, M't Holly, Burlington, Medford, Salem, Bridgeton, Camd'n, Princeton, Bord'to'n Bkg Co	par
Plainfield	closed
State Bk Morris	do
Coml Bk Perth Amboy	do
Peoples Bk Patterson	do
N Hope Del Bridge Co	do
Yardleyville do	10 dis
New Brunswick	½ dis
Newark	½ dis
Morris co	½ dis
Middletown Point	½ dis
Orange	½ dis
Belvidere	½ dis
Rahway	½ dis
Dover	½ dis
All New Jersey secured by stocks	½ dis
DELAWARE	
All solvent banks	par
Under 5's	½ dis
MARYLAND	
Baltimore banks	½ dis
Mineral Bk	½ dis
Cecil co	½ dis
Frederick co	½ dis
Cumberland	½ dis
Washington co	½ dis
Hagerstown	½ dis
Salisbury, Havre de Grace, Far & Millers	failed
DIS. OF COLUMBIA	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK	
City banks	par a½ dis
Solvent co bks	½ dis
James bk	20 dis
New Rochelle	30 dis
Far bk Onondaga	20 dis
MAINE	
Mercan bk Bangor	10 dis
All other solv't bks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE	
All solvent bks	½ dis
VERMONT	
Bank of St Albans	½ dis
All solvent banks	½ dis

CONNECTICUT	
All solvent banks	½ dis
Bk N Ame Seymour	½ dis
East Bk West Kill	50 dis
Woodbury bk	50 dis
MASSACHUSETTS	
All solvent banks	½ dis
Dorchester and Milton stolen notes	no sale
RHODE ISLAND	
All solvent banks	½ dis
Phenix b'k, Westerly, stolen notes	no sale
CANADA	
Montreal	1½ dis
VIRGINIA	
Bk of Va & bra'h's	½ dis
Far Bk & bra'h's	½ dis
Valley Bk & bra'h's	½ dis
Ex Bk & bra'h's	½ dis
Wheeling	½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA	
All solvent banks	1 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA	
All solvent banks	½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
GEORGIA	
All solvent banks	1 dis
Bk St Mary's	25 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
ALABAMA	
Bk of Mobile	1 dis
Country banks	3 dis
MISSISSIPPI	
All banks	uncertain
LOUISIANA	
All solvent banks	1 dis
OHIO	
Bk of Wooster	50 dis
Bk of Norwalk	60 dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
KENTUCKY	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
INDIANA	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
ILLINOIS	
Bk of Illinois	80 dis
State Bk do	70 dis
Good Free bks	1a3 dis
MISSOURI	
All solvent banks	1 dis
TENNESSEE	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
East Tennessee	20 dis
MICHIGAN	
Gov't Stock bk	1 dis
All solvent banks	2 dis
ARKANSAS	
All banks	no sale
WISCONSIN	
All banks	uncertain
TEXAS	
Commercial & Agricultural Bk Galveston	—

Issues of 1, 2 and 3 dollar bills, dated at Washington City, and resembling New York City and State issues, should be refused by the public—as a number of them have failed and are worth nothing.

REMOVAL.

MOORE, HENSZEY & CO.,
HARDWARE JOBBERS,
Have removed from 139 to No. 181 Market, between Fourth and Fifth Streets, where they will continue to keep a large assortment of HARDWARE, CUTLERY, GUNS, &c. june 27-3m

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Of F. HAGAN & Co., *Nashville, Tenn.*
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ROOT'S DAGUERREOTYPES AND THE WORLD'S FAIR.—The most enduring mementos of the Great Exhibition of this summer, will be the thousands of beautiful DAGUERREOTYPES taken in ROOT'S magnificent style, and scattered by visitors all over the world. ROOT'S process is perfect, and his work unrivalled, as SIXTEEN FIRST PREMIUMS, GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS, from the first institutions of the country attest. Pictures taken in any weather, rain or shine. Rooms very easy of access. Portraits, Miniatures, &c., copied. The Exquisite Crayon taken only by Root. Gallery of rare Pictures open to all, and always free at No. 140 CHESNUT STREET, where TALBOTYPES, CRYSTOLOTYPES, STEREOSCOPIC DAGUERREOTYPES, and several other beautiful styles, can be examined and obtained at short notice.
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INSTRUCTIONS given in the art. INSTRUMENTS for sale. jy2-3m

A NEW VOLUME
OF WOODWORTH'S YOUTH'S CABINET commences with the July number, and of course now is a favorable time for new subscribers. A word to the wise is said to be sufficient, though the publisher begs to employ two words just to say that the *Cabinet*—the most popular illustrated dollar magazine in the Union—is more captivating than ever. The editor, Francis C. Woodworth, in his Foreign Sketches, is now rambling with the reader among the wonderful ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii. The Biography of Distinguished Americans is still continued. Try this magazine. You will find it just the thing for your family. Each number contains 48 pages. There are two volumes in a year—one commencing in July, and the other in January. *A yearly volume embraces nearly 600 pages, and about 100 Illustrations.*
Price, for a single copy, $1; 4 copies, $3; 7 copies, $5; and, in the latter case, an extra copy to one who forms the Club. Bound volumes of the new series (three in number) 75 cents each, *postage free*.
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PENN. MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PHILADELPHIA,
Commences Sept. 5th. Ladies and others desiring the *Announcement*, which gives full particulars as to fees, (*which are put low,*) &c., will address
ABRM. LIVEZEY, M. D.,
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CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY at the Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry Store, No. 96 North Second Street, corner of Quarry Street, Philadelphia.
Gold Lever Watches, full Jeweled, 18k. case $28 00 and over. Gold Lepine Watches, Jeweled, 18k case, $24 00 and over. Silver Levers, full Jeweled, $12 00 and over. Silver Lepines, $9 00 and over. Gold Pens, with Pencil and Silver Case, $1 00 and over. Fine Gold Jewelry and Silver Ware at equally low prices. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for. STAUFFER & HARLEY,
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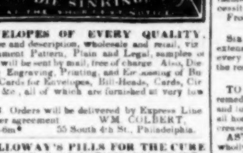

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Sold by all the venders of medicine throughout the British Empire and United States, in pots and boxes at 37½ cts., 87½ cts., and $1.50 each; wholesale by C. D. KNIGHT, 7 South Sixth St., Philadelphia, and by the proprietor, 244 Strand, London. sep25-1y*

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THE VEGETABLE EXTRACT PILLS
FOR THE CURE OF
FITS, SPASMS, CRAMPS, AND ALL NERVOUS AND CONSTITUTIONAL DISEASES!
Persons who are laboring under this distressing malady, will find the VEGETABLE EPILEPTIC PILLS to be the only remedy ever discovered for
CURING EPILEPSY,
OR
FALLING FITS.
These Pills possess a specific action on the nervous system, and although they are prepared especially for the purpose of curing FITS, they will be found of especial benefit for all persons afflicted with weak nerves, or whose nervous system has been prostrated or shattered from any cause whatever; in fact, it is almost impossible to convey an adequate idea of the speedy and almost miraculous results which these Pills effect in the diseased, broken down, and prostrated nervous systems. Persons who were all irritable, weakness and debility before their use, at once become robust and full of energy. No matter whether the constitution has been broken down by excess, weak by nature, or debilitated by sickness; their effect on the unstrung and shattered nervous organization is equally certain and apparent. In cases of neuralgia, headache, vertigo, pain in the nerves of the face, and the various train of Nervous Affections, palpitation of the heart, periodical headaches, cold and shivered state of the frame, frequent fits of abstraction, total inability, dislike to society, melancholy, religious monomania, heats and flushes of the face on the slightest occasion, a desire that existence might terminate; they will produce a cure in an astonishing short period of time, and they will also remove depression, excitement, a tendency to blush, restlessness, sleeplessness, incapacity for study or business, loss of memory, confusion, giddiness, blood to the head, mental debility, hysteria, indecision, wretchedness, thoughts of self-destruction, fear of insanity, &c.—They will increase and restore the appetite, strengthen the emaciated, renew the health of those who have destroyed it by excesses, and induce continual cheerfulness and equanimity of spirits, and prolong life.
Persons of pale complexion and consumptive habits, are restored by the use of a box or two, to bloom and vigor, changing the skin from a pale yellow, sickly color, to a beautiful FLORID COMPLEXION.
We assure the reader that the utmost reliance may be placed in these Pills, in the cure of the maladies mentioned above, and also of those which follow, viz: Loss of muscular energy, and general prostration, irritability, and all Nervous Affections, indigestion, sluggishness of the Liver, weakness, &c., or any of the consequences of indiscretion, or indulgence, renders them the most valuable remedy ever discovered. In fact, as a remedy for the above complaints, these Pills stand unrivalled and alone.—There is no other reliable remedy, or any that has authentically received the sanction of the medical faculty.
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☞ As these Pills are composed of some of the most expensive materials in the Materia Medica, it will be impossible to leave them around the country on agency, as common Patent Medicines usually are. But in order to let the afflicted in the most remote parts of the country have a chance to obtain them, they will be sent by MAIL FREE OF POSTAGE, to any part of the United States, or any country with which the United States has postal arrangements, on the receipt of a remittance.
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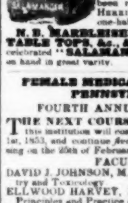

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MARK G. KERR, Professor of Materia Medica and General Therapeutics.
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DAVID J. JOHNSON, M. D.
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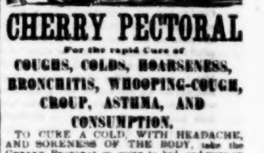
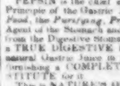


CHERRY PECTORAL
For the rapid Cure of
COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION.
TO CURE A COLD, WITH HEADACHE, AND SORENESS OF THE BODY, take the CHERRY PECTORAL on going to bed, and wrap up warm, to sweat during the night.
FOR A COLD AND COUGH, take it morning, noon, and evening, according to directions on the bottle, and the difficulty will soon be removed. None will long suffer from this trouble when they find it can be so readily cured. Persons afflicted with a seated cough, which breaks them of their rest at night, will find, by taking the CHERRY PECTORAL on going to bed, they may be sure of sound unbroken sleep, and consequently, refreshing rest. Great relief from suffering, and an ultimate cure, is afforded to thousands who are thus afflicted, by this invaluable remedy.
From its agreeable effect in these cases, many find themselves unwilling to forego its use when the necessity for it has ceased.
From two eminent Physicians in
FAYETTEVILLE, TENN., April 16th, 1851.
SIR:—We have given your CHERRY PECTORAL an extensive trial in our practice, and find it to surpass every other remedy we have for curing affections of the respiratory organs.
DRS. DIEMER & HAMPTON.
TO SINGERS AND PUBLIC SPEAKERS this remedy is invaluable, as by its action on the throat and lungs, when taken in small quantities it removes all hoarseness in a few hours, and wonderfully increases the power and flexibility of the voice.
ASTHMA is generally much relieved, and often wholly cured by CHERRY PECTORAL. But there are some cases so obstinate as to yield entirely to no medicine. CHERRY PECTORAL will cure them, if they can be cured.
BRONCHITIS, or irritation of the throat and upper portion of the lungs, may be cured by taking CHERRY PECTORAL in small and frequent doses. The uncomfortable oppression is soon relieved.
Rev. Dr. LANSING, of BROOKLYN, N. YORK, states: "I have seen the CHERRY PECTORAL cure such cases of Asthma and Bronchitis as leads me to believe it can rarely fail to cure those diseases."
FOR CROUP. Give an emetic of antimony, to be followed by large and frequent doses of the CHERRY PECTORAL, until it subdues the disease. If taken in season, it will not fail to cure.
WHOOPING COUGH may be broken up and soon cured by the use of CHERRY PECTORAL.
THE INFLUENZA is speedily removed by this remedy. Numerous instances have been noticed where whole families were protected from any serious consequences, while their neighbors, without the CHERRY PECTORAL, were suffering from the disease.
SALEM, Ohio, 11th June, '51.
Dr. J. C. Ayer:—
I write to inform you of the truly remarkable effects of your CHERRY PECTORAL in this place, and in my own family. One of my daughters was completely cured in three days of a dreadful WHOOPING COUGH by taking it. Dr. Means, one of our very best physicians freely states that he considers it the best remedy we have for pulmonary diseases, and that he has cured more cases of CROUP with it than any other medicine he ever administered.
Our clergyman of the Baptist Church says that during the run of INFLUENZA here this season, he has seen cures from your medicine, he could scarcely have believed without seeing.
Yours, respectfully, J. D. SINCLAIR, Deputy Postmaster.
From the distinguished Professor of Chemistry and Materia Medica, Bowdoin College.
I have found the CHERRY PECTORAL, as its ingredients show, a powerful remedy for colds, and coughs, and pulmonary diseases.
PARKER CLEVELAND, M. D.
BRUNSWICK, Me., Feb. 5, 1847.
DR. VALENTINE MOTT,
The widely celebrated Professor of Surgery in the Medical College, New York City, says:—
"It gives me pleasure to certify the value and efficacy of '*Ayer's Cherry Pectoral*,' which I consider peculiarly adapted to cure diseases of the Throat and Lungs."
Cures of several diseases upon the lungs have been effected by CHERRY PECTORAL in such extreme cases as warrant the belief that a remedy has at length been found that can be depended on to cure the Coughs, Colds and Consumption which carry from our midst thousands every year. It is indeed a medicine to which the afflicted can look with confidence for relief, and they should not fail to avail themselves of it.
PREPARED BY J. C. AYER, CHEMIST, LOWELL, MASS.
Sold by Fred. Brown, Phila; W. H. Mohaffey, Harrisburg, Pa.; C. A. Morris & Co., York, do.; R. P. Hunter & Co., Reading, do.; B. A. Fahnestock & Co., Pittsburg, do.; F. Eckstein Jr., Cincinnati, Ohio; Mackenzie & Co., Balt., Md.; M. A. Santos & Son, Norfolk, Va.; Purcell, Ladd & Co., Richmond, do.; Z. D. Gilman, Washington, D. C.; J. Cook & Co., Alexandria, Va.; Rosser & Lyon, Petersburg, do.; Dr. P. M. Cohen & Co., Charleston, S. C.; T. M. Turner & Co., Savannah, Ga.; Joseph Tucker, Mobile, Ala.; J. Wright & Co., New Orleans, La.; Frances, Walton & Warren, Saint Louis, Mo.; Sutcliffe & Hughes, Louisville, Ky.; W. W. Berry, Nashville, Tenn.; B. R. Strong, Knoxville, Ky.; Haviland, Risley & Co., Augusta, Ga.; Boots & Guthrie, Memphis, Tenn., and by all Druggists everywhere.

GREAT CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA!



DR. J. S. HOUGHTON'S
PEPSIN,
THE TRUE
DIGESTIVE FLUID,
OR
GASTRIC JUICE.
Prepared from RENNET, or the fourth STOMACH OF THE OX, after directions of BARON LIEBIG, the great Physiological Chemist, by J. S. HOUGHTON, M. D., Philadelphia, Pa.
PEPSIN is the chief element, or Great Digesting Principle of the Gastric Juice—the *Solvent of the Food, the Purifying, Preserving, and Stimulating Agent* of the Stomach and intestines. It is extracted from the Digestive Stomach of the Ox, thus forming a TRUE DIGESTIVE FLUID, precisely like the natural Gastric Juice in its Chemical powers, and furnishing a COMPLETE and PERFECT SUBSTITUTE for it.
This is NATURE'S OWN REMEDY for an unhealthy Stomach. No art of man can equal its curative powers. It contains no ALCOHOL, BITTERS, ACIDS, or NAUSEOUS DRUGS. It is extremely agreeable to the taste, and may be taken by the most feeble patients who cannot eat a water cracker without acute distress. Beware of DRUGGED IMITATIONS. Pepsin is NOT A DRUG.
Half a teaspoonful of PEPSIN infused in water, will digest or dissolve *Five Pounds of Roast Beef* in about two hours, out of the stomach.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines throughout the United States. Price $1.
F. BROWN, Corner of Chesnut and Fifth Streets, Agent for Philadelphia. mayl1-1yeow

Selected Poetry.

OH, NO, I'M NOT OLD.

BY MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

Oh, no, I'm not old; though the age frost is creeting
With silvery rime, my once "bonny brown" hair,
And wide and deep furrows are quietly resting
On my brow, just to tell that long years have been there.

Oh, no, I'm not old; though my footsteps are growing
More feeble and slow, and my laugh is less gay,
And the rose on my cheek hath long since ceased its glowing,
And my eyes grow more dim, and my strength fits away.

Though the rose from my lip and my cheek has departed,
On the face of my first-born 'tis resting full-blown,
And I feel when I see her so kind and true hearted,
It is sweeter by far than it was on my own.

Oh, no, I'm not old; Time hath never oppress'd me,
Though he filched for my Mary the brown of my hair,
And the glance of her eye, as, but now, she caress'd me,
Showed the light of my own was but lingering there.

I have given my strength to my boys who are bounding
Their ball with fleet limbs on the hill-side to-day,
And their light pealing laugh to my ear hath a sounding,
As my own used to have in the sunshine of May.

Oh, no, I'm not old—though I've lost all my graces,
My vigor and strength, for the toil and the strife,
To those loved ones of mine, who must soon take their places
And go forth to fight in the battle of life.

But oh, if unflinching they go forth to duty,
Ever fearless and free, and with heart true and brave,
My spirit will dwell in a temple of beauty,
More brilliant by far than my youth ever gave.

Oh, no, I'm not old: though the frame is decaying,
The one that's within is still buoyant and strong,
And I trust while on earth 'tis its lot to be staying,
That virtue and love will its freshness prolong.

The beauty of nature, its bud and its blossom,
The song of the bird and the sunset's deep glow,
Are as sweet to my eye, and as dear to my bosom
As they were in my spring-time of life long ago.

Oh, no, I'm not old, 'tis not wrinkles nor furrows,
Or the number of years that should shroud us in gloom;
But the blighting of hope 'mid life's trials and sorrows
May wither the heart till it longs for the tomb.

Dark passion or wrong hath my spirit ne'er shrouded.
In the circle of home there is no vacant chair,
My life with misfortune has never been clouded
Why should I be old and bow down in despair?

But should guilt, crime and shame fold in sorrow and sadness,
One loved one of mine—then my pulse would grow cold,
My spirit no longer soar upwards with gladness,
Oh then I'd be weary, and wayworn and old.

Selected Articles.

GOLD UNDER GILT.

Mr. Emerson, in his essay upon "The Conservative," relates a legend of the Friar Bernard, in illustration of the truth that the best virtues are to be found in all conditions of society. If the story were merely an apologue with the essayist, it has lately become a fact, which we are glad to record.

This is the tradition.

"The father Bernard lamented, in his cell on Mount Cenis, the crimes of mankind, and rising one morning before day from his bed of moss and dry leaves, he gnawed his roots and berries, drank of the spring, and set forth to go to Rome to reform the corruption of mankind. On his way he encountered many travellers, who greeted him courteously, and the cabins of the peasants and the castles of the lords supplied his few wants. When he came at last to Rome, his piety and good will easily introduced him to many families of the rich, and on the first day he saw and talked with gentle mothers with their babes at their breasts, who told him how much love they bore their children, and how they were perplexed in their daily walk lest they should fail in their duty to them. 'What!' he said, 'and this on rich embroidered carpets, on marble floors, with cunning sculpture, and carved wood, and rich pictures, and piles of books about you?'—'Look at our pictures and books,' they said, 'and we will tell you, good Father, how we spent the last evening. These are stories of godly children and holy families, and romantic sacrifices made in old or in recent times, by great and not mean persons, and last evening our family was collected, and our husbands and brothers discoursed sadly on what we could save and give in the hard times.' Then came in the men, and they said, 'What cheer, brother? Does thy convent want gifts?' Then the Friar Bernard went home swiftly, with other thoughts than he brought, saying, 'This way of life is wrong, yet these Romans whom I prayed God to destroy, are lovers, they are lovers: what can I do?'"

And this is the fact, as a friend relates it.

"I called last night upon my friend in the Fifth Avenue. His house is stately and magnificent. It abounds with every device of luxury. If not tasteful, it is rich; if not elegant, it is profuse in splendor. While I sat gazing around me at the mirrors, and carpets, and curtains, and costly furniture, my friend entered, and cordially welcomed.

"'Where have you been so long?' asked I,—'it must be many weeks since I have seen you.'

"'You know,' he answered, 'that we were absent on a visit to Cousin Charles for some time, and upon our return the doctor told us that two of the servants lay ill with the ship-fever, and that the children must be sent away immediately. So we sent them to their grandfather's, in Connecticut, and my wife and I remained to take care of the servants.'

"'Did you know what a terrible disease it was?'

"'Yes, the doctor warned us. But we could not leave them when we knew how critical their situation was. It was hard to part with the children, and they cried bitterly at going, knowing to what danger we were exposed.'

"'And I know,' answered I, 'for I have had the ship fever, and for two weeks lay utterly senseless, like one dead.'

"'Both of the servants,' continued my friend, 'were delirious for two weeks before they died, which increased our care. It is a very dreadful disease, and very hardly it bore upon my wife. But there was no one to assist us. All the other servants left, and we could get no nurses. Even the brothers and sisters, fearing the contagion, would not come into the house. We took all possible precautions. The beds were placed in the middle of our two largest rooms, and, by opening the folding-doors, we could throw them with the smaller one between, into one large room. There is a passage from the ceiling of the middle room directly to the skylight in the roof, and by opening that, and dropping the upper sashes of the windows of the rooms, we could ventilate the rooms perfectly.'

"'I see,' said I, 'and they died?'

"'They both died; and we buried them in the Catholic Cemetery.'

"'Why,' thought I, glancing at the painted walls and the glittering chandeliers, 'the sumptuous St. Nicholas and the squalid Five Points do not offer a more instructive contrast than this single-hearted heroism in the midst of this regal splendor!'

"Here was another 'deed for New York to be proud of.' Gilt sometimes covers gold."—*Putnam's Magazine.*

The Pope's Bull.—This name, which is now applied exclusively to instruments issuing out of the Roman Chancery, is derived from the seals which were appended to them, being formerly of gold *bullion*. Bulls were not originally confined to popes alone, but were also issued by emperors, princes, bishops, and great men, who, till the thirteenth century, sometimes affixed seals of metal, as well as wax, to edicts, charters, and other instruments, though they were equally called *Bulls*, whether they were sealed with one or the other. The popes continue to the present day to affix metal or lead seals to their bulls, and only when they wish to bestow any peculiar marks of grace and favor on sovereigns or princes are seals of *bullion* or gold affixed. The bull of Pope Clement VII., conferring the title of *Defender of the Faith* on Henry VIII., had a seal of gold affixed to it. Bulls containing matter of grace and favor, were suspended by strings of red and yellow silk; but denunciatory and punitive bulls were hung by hempen cords.

Praying Made Easy.—An old paper has the following: "A very devout fellow, not being able to please his own piety in his prayers, used only to repeat the alphabet, and then add, 'Oh Lord God, put these letters into syllables, and these syllables into words, and these words into sentences, that may be for my real good.'"

THE HERRING.

A distinguished French naturalist calculates that, in twenty-three years, the fecundity of the herring, if not kept down by a vast annual destruction, would completely fill all our Northern seas with these fish, so that they would become a horrible pest, instead of a blessing to the human race. There is no danger, however, of such a catastrophe. The great shoals of herrings are ever attended by an immense number of enemies, which prey and batten on them. The very heart of the shoal is penetrated by numberless dogfish, and others of the rapacious shark tribe; while on its edges, porpoises and grampuses snort and roll in uncouth gambols; the cachalot, whose tongue is as large as a well-filled feather bed, taking in a bushel of herring at a mouthfull. The surface of the sea is dotted with birds of the diver tribe, and thousands of gulls and gannets scream and wheel upon the wing, occasionally plunging down for a savory fish. Mr. Buchanan has calculated that the gannets of St. Kilda alone devour 105,000,000 herring every year!

"De herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him," said the irritable Dr. Caius of his meddling antagonist, Sir Hugh Evans. The proverb, "As dead as a herring," is common to several languages, though founded on the erroneous belief that a herring dies as soon as it is taken out of the water. This is not a fact; but herrings, being principally caught by the gill-covers, in nets which are put into the sea at night and drawn up in the morning, numbers of the earlier-captured fish are *drowned*, as the fishermen term it—hanged would be nearer the mark—long before the net is hauled in, and are thus dead even before they are taken out of the water. This, no doubt, gave rise to the proverb. But when herrings are caught by the hook and line, they live as long after their capture as the trout, salmon, or any other fish possessing an equally high standard of respiration, and therefore the same vital necessity for oxygen.

It may surprise some readers to learn that in the latter part of the sixteenth century, kingdoms were thrown into consternation, and the learned men of Europe into a whirlpool of controversy, by a simple herring. In 1587, a herring was caught in the Baltic, having something like Gothic characters marked upon its sides. This odd fish was taken to Copenhagen, and the Danish and Swedish *savants* declared it to be an omen of some signal misfortune to the human race. The King, unsatisfied, sent it to Rostock, from whence it made the tour of the German Universities, each learned Theban giving a different interpretation of the mystical letters. Ponderous folios were written on this enigmatical fish, the general idea being, that it foretold the conquest of Europe by the Ottoman. In 1596, a somewhat similarly marked herring was caught on the coast of Pomerania; and Eglin, a distinguished Professor of Theology at Zurich, wrote a bulky tome, to prove that the mystical marks gave the long-required explanation of the dark passages in the Book of Revelation.

The remarkable fact that herrings will visit one locality for years, and then leave it all at once, resorting to another part of the coast where they were previously unknown, has occasioned much discussion. In all probability, this apparent caprice is caused by the greater or lesser supply of the small crustacea the herring delights to feed upon. Uninformed minds, however, are never satisfied with a simple reason. As the erection of Tenterden steeple was said to have caused Goodwin Sands, so the manufacture of kelp was said to have driven the herrings from many parts of the Highland coasts, though they actually went to other localities where kelp was made. The steamboat, too, it was said, did great mischief by driving away herrings, though they left places where its smoke was scarcely ever seen, to rendezvous in the paddle-beaten waters of Loch Fine. But the most extraordinary instance of this nature is recorded in the pages of Hansard, so often referred to by our learned legislators. In 1835, during a debate on the Tithe Bill, an honourable member stated in the House of Commons, that an Irish clergyman having signified his intention of claiming a tithe upon fish, the indignant herrings left that part of the coast, and never after returned!

THE LITTLE FOLKS AT HOME.

Has your experience in watching the development of those flowers of eternity never informed you that the child's year of all others richest in graces of body and mind is the *fifth?* Mine has. I well remember how often, when my boy was at that age, the clear look of the large, round eyes, that seemed to mirror heaven, and the few simple words from the frank lips, told like a rebuke upon some light word or act of the parent. And now his sister has reached that most interesting period, so rich with lessons worth heeding.

We live in the country, and our neighborhood is measured by miles, not "blocks." One winter evening, not long ago, while the family were, as usual, gathered around the centre-table, a neighbor drove up, and entering soon with hearty friendliness, had Kitty on his knee. "Come, Kitty," said he, "won't you go home and live with me?" The child looked up in his face; the golden curls fell backward to her shoulders; and her deep-blue eyes met his, as she answered—"*God gave me to this house.*"

The tone was simple as the words, and the silvery voice was childhood's; yet, for a moment the sounds seemed as if wafted from a far-off world where angels only dwelt. A shadow—no, not a shadow, but a sober brightness, as of something profound and holy—was cast over the meditative mood of the dwellers in "this house;" and every heart within it swelled with gratitude for the great God's gift.

Kitty still calls my daily trip into town "going down-town," as when we lived "up-town." The other day, she was sitting alone with me in the library, and, as usual, on my knee, when, after a moment's reflection, she threw the brightness of her blue eyes into mine, and said: "Do you get time to say your prayers down-town, papa?" "Heaven bless thee, child! No! no! Too little time is taken in the turmoil of 'down-town' for breathing a prayer to Heaven, for its blessing on our work!"

Not long since, I was on a visit to a sister, whose home is made joyous by the presence of three bright-eyed "wee things," whose unceasing chatter makes sweet household music. I arrived in the early evening, just in time to hear their sweet good-night; and in the morning with the lark I heard their frolic voices. I was soon among them. It was one of those gorgeous autumnal mornings which sometimes kiss the fading brow of October. As I descended to the parlor, "How do you do, uncle?" was the united cry, when a dear little girl of four smiling summers caught me by the hand, and hanging fondly thereby, raised her bright eyes, and, with a half tearful expression, said: "I am so sorry, uncle, that you staid so long in your room!" "Why, my dear?" said I. "Oh dear, it's all gone now! she replied; "but I do wish you had been up early, for the morning made the sky look so beautiful when the night went to bed!"

In the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah, I used to visit a venerable Virginia gentleman of the olden time. His house was the abode of genial hospitality and refined opulence; and surrounded by his children and grandchildren, I never saw a more perfect picture of domestic happiness.

It was Mr. P———'s custom to call his little grand-son to his side morning and evening, and on his bended knees, and with his little hands clasped and raised to Heaven, teach him to utter the simple prayers appropriate to lisping infancy. One morning, the good old gentleman ventured to instruct him the Lord's prayer; he had advanced most successfully as far as the petition, "Give us this day our daily bread," when little Willie looked up, his eye sparkling with animation and delight, and exclaimed: "Oh! gampa, *put some butter on it!*" Even the gravity of my venerable friend yielded to this assault.

I know a family very strict in religious observances—evening prayer, grace before meat, etc. On a recent absence of the parents, grandma—who makes no pretence to piety—presided at the tea-table. Observing the silence, Mary C———, a very tiny girl, whispered "Grandma, I can say grace." Permission being given, little Mary put her hands together, closed her eyes, and with an air of great sanctity and gravity, repeated the following:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Knickerbocker.

Sickly Children.—Wellington, contrary to general belief, was born a sickly child; like Turenne, he was weakly when young, and passed two years at Angers, chiefly on a sofa, playing with a pet dog. He remembered his previous career with no pleasure, and seldom referred to it. His real life began in India, where his body ripened by that genial sun, and the exercise of command called forth every dormant capability of the General and the Statesman. The flesh-brush and iced-water—long his sole beverage—are said to have been the main instruments for preserving health afterwards.

Wit and Humor.

THE "GREEN HORNS."
A PARODY.

FROM THE CALIFORNIA CORRESPONDENT OF THE MILWAUKIE SENTINEL.

The Green-horns came down, like the wolf on the fold,
To the land that was said to be teeming with gold,
And the gleam of their wash-pans, like comets or stars,
Flashed bright o'er our gulches, our canons, our bars.

Like the leaves of the forest, when summer is green,
That host in the month of October was seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host in December was scattered and strown.

For the "Fiend of the Storm" spread his wings on the blast,
And rain, at his bidding, came sudden and fast,
And the waters were raised till each creek was a flood,
And provisions went up on account of the mud.

And there lay the tools they had bought upon trust,
Each wash-pan and crowbar all covered with dust;
And there lay each Green-horn coiled up in his tent—
His pork-barrel empty, his money all spent.

And the victims themselves were quite loud in their wail,
And the merchant who sold upon credit turned pale,
And those who prayed hardest for rain at the first,
Were now by their comrades most bitterly cursed.

In vain they prospected each dreary ravine—
In vain they explored where no white men had been;
The riches they fondly expected to clasp,
Like the will-o'-the-wisp eluded their grasp.

And some of the Green-horns resolved upon flight,
And vamosed the ranch in desperate plight;
While those who succeeded in reaching the town
Confessed they were done most confoundedly brown.

AN ECCENTRIC MINISTER.

A correspondent of Fraser's Magazine tells the following of a minister at Manchester:

"What's the child's name? Come, quick," to one of the godmothers.

"Lucy, sir," lispingly.

"Lucifer!" he exclaimed; "the great Devil! No—no—George—after good King George!—George I—"

"Nay, but, meester," interposed the father, imploringly; "it's a wench."

"Well, then, Elizabeth—after good Queen Bess—Elizabeth, I baptize thee,"—and so he finished the ceremony.

He was, on one occasion, reading the burial service, and had arrived at the passage, "I heard a voice from Heaven, saying unto me," when his eyes fell upon a sweep who was watching him from a side wall; his thoughts were suddenly diverted into a fresh channel, but his voice maintained its even tenor as he continued, "Knock that little black imp off the wall."

Occasionally, after he had despatched the marriage service for some thirty couples, a party of young men might be seen rushing up to him, some piping their eyes, some indignant, exhibiting a variety of emotions, but all in a predicament similar to that of Master Slender and Dr. Caius, who were each of them on the point of marrying "a great lubberly boy."

"Please, sir,"—several voices might be heard at the same time—"I've gotten the wrong wench—I'm wed to th' wrong lass!"

"Well, well, my lads," was the invariable reply, in the genuine Manchester vernacular, "reet it a whom—reet it a whom," (right it at home.)

Effect of High Prices.—High prices are as bad for morals as badly-lighted thoroughfares. When mutton is 8 cents a pound, the pound weight consists of 16 ounces. Advance the price to 14 cents, and the pound dwindles away to 12 or 13 ounces. Put up the price of tobacco to three dollars a pound, and in less than two months there would not be an honest cigar maker in the city. Rope yarn would take the place of "the best pigtail,"—while first class regalias would owe their paternity, not to Havana, but a cabbage-garden. Prices, as we said before, have a moral as well as monetary effect on people. If you would have a miller go to heaven, you should never allow flour to go above six dollars a barrel. The moment it gets above that, he gets above the Commandments, and commences working in "prepared chalk" and plaster of Paris. Again, we say, if you would die happy and go to bliss, pray for good crops, full barns, and low prices. Old Portowker was one of the best of men naturally, and yet the speculation fever, which seized the pork market during the past year, has given his soul such a downward tendency, that the chances are now even that it will not stop in its descent till it brings up in the counting-room of Beelzebub.

Mrs. Partington and the Omnibus Man.—"How do you do, dear?" said Mrs. Partington, smilingly, shaking hands with Burbank, in the Dock square omnibus, as he held out his five dexter digits towards her. "Fare, ma'am," said he, in reply to her inquiry. "Well, I'm sure, I'm glad of it, and how are the folks at home?" "Fare, ma'am," continued he, still extending his hand. The passengers were interested. "How do you like Boston?" screamed she, as the omnibus rattled over the stones. "Fare, ma'am," shouted he, without drawing back his hand; "I want you to pay me for your ride." "Oh," murmured she, "I thought it was some one that knowed me," and rummaged down in the bottom of her ridicule for a ticket, finding at last five copper cents tied up in the corner of her handkerchief,—the "last war" handkerchief, with the stars and stripes involved in it, and the action of the Constitution and Gurrier stamped upon it. But the smile she had given him at first was not withdrawn—there was no allowance made for mistakes at that counter—and he went out with a lighter heart and a heavier pocket to catch t'other coach.—*Post.*

Thackeray and the Reporter.—Mr. Thackeray, it is well known, can generally "give as good as he gets," but on one occasion he met with his match. Mr. T. entertained at one time, among other dislikings, a strong repugnance for the *Morning Post*, which he more than once expressed, not only in conversation, but in writing. This feeling was fully reciprocated by the reporter for that paper, who, when invited to fashionable soirees, for the purpose of chronicling the distinguished persons present, revenged Mr. T.'s attacks by omitting his name from the list—a piece of wilful negligence, which greatly vexed the illustrious satirist of snobbery and flunkeyism. Meeting the reporter one evening, and desirous of correcting, in a marked manner, his passive impertinence, he approached the table where the latter sat, and in an impressive manner, announced himself as Mr. Thackeray. What was his dismay when the *Post*-man leisurely replied, with a nod: "Ah, yes—I understand—but you must really excuse me—*I only put down men of eminence.*"

A Good One.—M. Caubet tells the following anecdote of the Paris Academy:—"A well-known painter, some years ago, submitted a picture for examination, stating himself, upon the accompanying ticket, to be a 'pupil of Burgival.' The committee supposed Burgival to be some distinguished artist; although they had never heard of him, and received the picture unanimously. Burgival is nothing more, however, than a small village on the banks of the Seine. The committee did not recover from the effects of the joke for some weeks. 'Pupil of Burgival' was even printed in the catalogue, and many thousands were sold before the trick was discovered."

☞ It is not very long since we learned a lesson in the philosophy of factory girls, when standing near the cathedral gates. A wedding party was coming out, of a higher class than common, and as usual a crowd was assembled to watch their return to their carriage. "Ay, but hoo's vast fou!" (she's very plain,) said a factory lass to her companion, pointing to the bride. "Hod thy din, wench," was the answer. "What's the odds? There ne'er was a fou face but there was a fou fancy!" It is the true Platonic theory, that everything is double.

Lawful Ejectment.—Two brothers of the name of Lawes creating a disturbance at the Dublin Theatre, were called to order by the celebrated Felix McCarthy, who was in the same box. One of them, presenting his card, said, "You shall hear from one of us; our name is *Lawes*." "Lawes, is it?" quoth Felix—"then I'll give you an addition to your name;" and, exerting his well-known strength, handed them out of the box, exclaiming, "now, by the powers, you're both *out-laws*."

The Experience of a "Constant Reader."—The following judgment upon the London morning papers has been sent to us as the experience of a "Constant Reader," who assures us he has been in the habit of reading them now for—he is afraid to mention how many years:

The style of the Post and Herald (in politics) is generally Land-a-Tory.

The style of the Times, Chronicle, and Advertiser is (with the same reservation) mostly Condemn-a-Tory.—*Punch.*

Country Scenes.

PLEASURES OF DAGUERREOTYPING RURAL SCENES.

THE OPERATOR HAS JUST SUCCEEDED IN FOCUSSING A VIEW TO HIS COMPLETE SATISFACTION.

Miscellaneous.

THE WEST POINT MILITARY ACADEMY.

The annual review of the cadets at West Point, by the Board of Examiners, commenced on the 1st ult. We have published a list of the graduates. The life of a cadet at West Point is one of hard study, under rigid discipline, as will be seen from the following details, given by the correspondent of the *New York Herald*:

"He sleeps in the barracks, in a room with one another, at five o'clock in the morning, in summer, and at half-past five in winter, the reveille awakens him; he immediately rises, doubles up his blankets and mattress, and places them on the head of his iron bedstead; he studies until seven o'clock; at that hour the drum beats for breakfast, and the cadets fall into rank and proceed to the mess pan. Twenty minutes is the time usually spent at breakfast. Guard mounting takes place at half-past seven, and twenty-four are placed on guard every day. At eight o'clock the bugle sounds and the recitations commence. At one o'clock the bugle again sounds, the professors dismiss their respective sections, the cadets form ranks opposite the barracks and march to dinner. Between eleven and one, a part of the cadets are occupied in riding, and others in fencing, daily. After dinner they have until two o'clock for recreation, and from two till four they are employed at recitations. At four o'clock the bugle sounds, and they go either to battalion or light artillery drill. This exercise lasts an hour and a half. After that they devote their time to recreation until the parade, which takes place at sunset. After parade they form in rank front in front of the barracks, and the names of the delinquents are read by an officer of the cadets. Supper comes next, and after supper recreation until eight o'clock, when the bugle sounds the call to quarters, and every cadet must be found in his room within a few minutes at study, and must remain there till half-past nine, when the bugle again sounds; this is called tattoo; and at ten the drum taps, and every cadet must then be in bed, having his light extinguished, and must remain there until morning. If during the night a cadet is found to be absent from his room more than thirty minutes, and does not give a satisfactory account of himself, charges are preferred against him, and he is court martialed.

"The use of intoxicating drink and of tobacco is strictly repudiated; so are playing at chess, wearing whiskers, and a great many other things. The punishments to which cadets are liable are privation of recreation, &c., extra tours of duty, reprimands, arrests, or confinement to his room or tent, confinement in light prison, confinement in dark prison, dismission with the privilege of resigning, and public dismission.

"Through the months of July and August the cadets are encamped, and during the encampment the instruction is exclusively military. The only furlough granted to cadets is two months when they are in the third class.

"The pay of the cadet is twenty-four dollars per month, and his board costs him ten of this. From the balance he is required to dress and defray his other expenses, and he is prohibited from contracting debts without permission. As the reward for all his labors and deprivation, the cadet acquires an excellent education—in mathematics better probably than he can get at any other institution in the country. The training here of both body and mind is very thorough and complete." One of the exercises is described as follows:

"That part of the cavalry exercise called running at the heads and ring, was attended by the Board of Examiners and many other spectators. This exercise takes place in a large hall in the basement of the academic building. This hall is a very dark, dismal looking place, with a row of columns, only a few feet apart, through the centre, extending its entire length, and is utterly unfit for the purpose for which it is used.

"Twenty-eight horses, properly equipped, are led into the hall. Lieutenant Sacket, the instructor of this department, sits near one side of the room, mounted on a splendid white charger. Twenty-eight cadets, members of the graduating class, march in, and at the command of the instructor, all are instantly mounted. Posts are placed along near the sides of the hall, and on the top of them balls of stuffed canvass about a foot in diameter, and called 'heads,' are put. On the arms of some other posts much higher, rings are hung. The cadets ride round and cut, in various ways, at these heads and rings, with their horses on a fast gallop. The lieutenant sets an example. Not a stroke of his well aimed sabre misses; but lo! as he completes the round, in consequence of the curb chain of his bridle breaking, his horse plunges forward against the board fence, directly in front of the ladies, and down he goes, flat upon one side, and his immense heavy rider falls with him. For an instant there is a half-suppressed shriek, when the rider and horse are both seen to have arisen, and the promptly given order, 'Next,' elicits a round of applause.

"Soon afterwards another horse slipped with a cadet, at the opposite end of the hall, and I am told that owing to the total unsuitableness of the hall, accidents are of frequent occurrence. But the cadets acquit'ed themselves in this exercise in a manner most creditable to themselves and their instructor. In spite of all the disadvantages, from the imperfections of the hall, under which they labored, all the evolutions and the numerous feats difficult in performance, were admirably done. They rode without stirrups, the stirrups being crossed over the horses' necks."

Manners of the Turks.—In a new work just published in England, entitled "Rambles in Southern Sclavonia," by Neigebaur, a German traveller, is the following description of an incident, illustrative of the manners of the Turks. Landing at Belgrade, he found, for the first time in all his travelling experience, no officious hand ready to seize his baggage. A few paces off, in front of a tavern, sat several Turkish porters, smoking their long pipes. The doctor doubtless looked helpless enough, beside his portmanteau, but not one of them rose to offer his services.

"Will no one earn a piece of money?" I at last called out to the smokers, as I observed that my waiting was likely to lead to no other result than carrying my own baggage.

"All of us, willingly!" replied the porters, almost with one voice, but without stirring from their seats.

"But which of us shall serve you? Whom do you wish?"

"Come who will," was my reply.

The porters puffed hard at their pipes, and looked at each other in silence. At last one of them, seemingly the oldest, spoke:

"Alli," he said, "have you had a job today?"

"No," was the reply of a slender young Moor, with red trowsers.

"Then carry the gentleman's baggage," rejoined the other, and the Moor rose from his stone seat to take possession of my portmanteau.

As active now as he had previously seemed apathetic, Alli led the way to Zuanie, (literally the building *par excellence*,) a hotel which may vie with the best in Europe, as regards structure and appearance, but where Dr. Neigebaur had great difficulty in finding any one to receive him and attend to his wants.

THE GRAVE OF KEATS.

But one rude stone for him whose name
Revived the Grecian's plastic fame,
Till men and maidens danced along
In youth perpetual on his frieze!

Where lies that mould of senses fine
Men knew as Keats a while ago?
We cannot trace a single sign
Of all that made his joy below.

There are no trees to talk of him
Who knew their hushes and their swells,
Where myriad leaves in forest dim
Build up their cloudy citadels.

No mystic signalled passion flowers
Spread their flat discs, while buds more fair
Swing like great bells, in frail green towers
To toll away the summer air.

Oh, mother earth, thy sides be bound
With far-off Venus' ampler zone,
With statelier sons thy landscape crowned,
Whose chiming voices matched thine own!

Oh, mother earth, what hast thou brought
This tender frame that loved thee well?
Harsh grass and weeds alone are wrought
On his low grave's uneven swell.

Rome, March 26th, 1851. *Putnam's Mag.*

How to Cure a Refractory Choir.—We copy the following characteristic account of the treatment a refractory choir received at the hands of the late Rev. Nathaniel Howe, of Hopkinton, Mass.:

At one time in his ministry, says his biographers, the singers took offence and left the choir. On the next Sabbath he related the following dream, which had the desired effect of restoring them to their places. He dreamed that a spirit from the other world appeared before him, and informed him that there was singing enough in heaven, but none in hell; and that one of the most essential distinctions between angels and devils consists in this, that the former delight in singing, while the latter have no inclination to engage in this heavenly employment.

The angels (continued the spirit) were all created in holiness; but in process of time a part of them became tired of employing their faculties in singing the songs of heaven. When these were urged to use *all* their talents in the service of God, they said they had *no encouragement* to sing, or, in other words, no pay. They would not trust the Lord to reward them, but must be paid by their fellow servants. The Almighty, therefore, prepared them a different place and *name*.

I awoke, (said Mr. Howe,) and lay musing on the subject for some time, and then fell asleep; my thoughts turned to my former dream; departed spirits appeared to me, and their conversation was audible. At length, one of them stood forth to interpret the dream, and said it had respect to the people of Hopkinton. Your last year's singers (observed the interpretor,) are all dead. I saw them go to heaven's gate and knock for admission. Whereupon Gabriel opened the gate and said, "Who are you? Can you sing?" "No!" "Then you cannot be admitted here." "We did sing for a time," replied they, "but were discouraged." "He that putteth his hand to the plough," answered Gabriel, "and looketh back, is not fit for the kingdom of God; you cannot be admitted here." "We would have sung, if there had been suitable encouragement." "Those who *will not* sing on earth," returned the angel, "*shall not* sing in heaven. You can't be admitted here. Depart, depart!" Upon this, the gulf opened and swallowed them up. Then I awoke, (said Mr. Howe,) and "behold it was a dream; but the *thing* was *certain*, and the *interpretation* thereof *sure!*"

IS IT RAPTURE—IS IT WOE?

Heart, my heart, why throbb'st thou so?
Is it rapture—is it woe?—
'Tis, at once, both woe and bliss;
Ah! so sad a joy is this,—
Ah! so exquisite a woe,
Not for worlds would I forego!
Beat, oh, beat, my throbbing breast!
Sweet, oh, sweet, is love's unrest!

Heart, my heart, why throbb'st thou so?
Is it rapture—is it woe?—
Every pleasure earth contains
Is conjoin'd to bitter pains
Lover's bliss is bitterness—
Lover's woe is blessedness.
Beat, oh, beat, my throbbing breast!
Sweet, oh, sweet, is love's unrest!

Heart, my heart, why throbb'st thou so?
Is it rapture—is it woe?—
Bliss of love hath me bereft;
Pang of love alone is left;
Yet, in woe, the heart loves on;
Sweet the joy of pleasure gone;
Beat, oh, beat, my throbbing breast!
Sweet, oh, sweet, is love's unrest!

Brooks's German Lyrics.

Couldn't! Cos He Sung So!—Leaning idly over a fence a few days since, we noticed a little four year-old "lord of the creation" amusing himself in the grass by watching the frolicsome flight of birds which were playing around him. At length a beautiful bobolink perched himself upon a drooping bough of an apple-tree, which extended to within a few yards of the place where the urchin sat, and maintained his position, apparently unconscious of the close proximity to one whom birds usually consider a dangerous neighbor.

The boy seemed astonished at his impudence, and after regarding him steadily for a minute or two, obeying the instinct of his baser part he picked up a stone lying at his feet, and was preparing to throw it, steadying himself carefully for a good aim. The little arm was reached backward without alarming the bird, and Bob was within an ace of damage, when lo! his throat swelled, and forth came nature's pleasant "A link; a link—a l-i-n-k, bob-o-link, bob-o-link! a-no-weet, a-no weet! I know it—I know it! a-link—a-link! don't throw it!—throw it, throw it," &c., &c.; and he didn't. Slowly the little arm subsided to its natural position, and the despised stone dropped. It charmed the murderer! We heard the songster through, and watched his unharmed flight, as did the boy, with a sorrowful countenance. Anxious to hear an expression of the little fellow's feelings, we approached him, inquired:

"Why didn't you stone him, my boy? you might have killed him and carried him home?"

The poor little fellow looked up doubtingly, as though he suspected our meaning, and with an expression half shame and half sorrow, he replied:

"*Couldn't, cos he sung so!*"

Who will say that our nature is *wholly* depraved, after that; or aver that music hath no charms to soothe the savage breast? Melody awakened humanity, and humanity—Mercy! The angels who sang at the creation whispered at the child's heart. The bird was saved, and God was glorified by the deed. Dear little boys! don't stone the birds.—*Clinton Courant.*

Genius Without Prudence.—Dr. Johnson concludes his life of the brilliant, but unfortunate Savage, with the remark:—"This biography will not be wholly without its use, if those who, in confidence of superior capacities or attainments, disregard the common maxims of life, shall be reminded that nothing will supply the want of prudence; and that negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible."

CHILDREN'S RIGHTS.

You have a pretty, attractive child; she is warm-hearted and affectionate, but vivacious and full of life. With judicious management, and a firm, steady rein, she is a very loveable one. You take her with you on a visit, or to make a call. You are busy, talking with the friend you went to see. A gentleman comes in and throws himself indolently on the sofa. His eye falls upon little Kitty. He is just in the mood to be amused, and makes up his mind to banter her a little, for the sake of drawing her out. So he says,

"Jemima, dear—come here!"

The child blushes, and regards him as if uncertain whether he intended to address her. He repeats his request, with a laugh. She smiles, "my name is Kitty, not Jemima," which her tormentor contradicts. Kitty looks puzzled, (just as he intended she should,) but it is only for a moment. She sees he is quizzing her. Well, Miss Kitty likes a frolic, if that is what he wants; so she gives him a pert answer—he laughs uproariously, and rattles fun round her little ears like a hail storm; Kitty has plenty of answers ready for him, and he enjoys the sport amazingly.

By-and-bye, he gets weary and says,

"There—run away now, I'm going to read the newspaper;" but Kitty is wide awake, and has no idea of being cut short in that summary way; so she continues her Lilliputian attacks, till finally he gets up and beats a despairing retreat, muttering,

"What a very *disagreeable* child."

Mamma sees it all from a distance; she does not interfere—no—for she believes in "Children's Rights." Kitty was quiet, well-behaved, and respectful—till the visitor undertook to quiz, and tease her, for his own amusement. He wanted a frolic—and he has had it—they *who play with children must take children's play.*—*Fanny Fern.*

The Ox that Wouldn't Stay Killed.—The Detroit Advertiser tells the following good one of a farmer in that vicinity, who drove a very fat ox to market, expecting that the animal when killed would yield some twelve or thirteen hundred of beef. He sold the ox; the buyer drove him off, and at night came back representing that the ox had been slaughtered, and offered to settle for him, but showing an account of his weight that fell short of the expectations of the farmer, who insisted on seeing the beef, and after examining and weighing which, with the tallow, he was forced to go home, though not more than half satisfied, with the money in his pocket. During the night after his return, the dead ox came back to his yard alive and well, having broken out of the butcher's enclosure; and the next day the farmer drove the same ox back to town and offered to sell him to the same butcher, who, having missed the animal, eyed the new comer rather suspiciously, and concluding that he it was who had been sold, bought the ox at a lumping price and *paid* for him this time.

For the Young.

HUNGER.

Q. Why does *cold* produce *hunger?*

A. 1st.—Because the air contains more *oxygen* in cold weather; and, therefore, *fires burn more fiercely*, and *animal combustion is more rapid*: and

2nd.—As we are more *active* in cold weather, our increased respiration acts *like a pair of bellows* on the capillary combustion.

Q. Why does rapid *digestion* produce a craving *appetite?*

A. This is a wise providence to *keep our bodies in health*; they give notice (by hunger) that the *capillary fires need replenishing*, in order that the *body itself* may not be consumed.

Q. Why do we feel a desire for *activity* in cold weather.

A. 1st.—Because activity increases the warmth of the body, *by fanning the combustion of the blood*; and

2d.—The *strong food* we eat creates a desire for muscular exertion.

Q. Why does *reading aloud* make us feel *hungry?*

A. Because it *increases respiration*; and as *more oxygen* is introduced into the lungs, *our food-fuel is more rapidly consumed.*

Q. Why do we feel less *hungry* in the night than in the *day?*

A. Because we *breathe more slowly during sleep*; therefore, less *oxygen* is introduced into the lungs, to *consume our food-fuel.*

Q. Why does *hard work* produce *hunger?*

A. Because it produces *quicker respiration*; by which means, *a larger amount of oxygen is introduced into the lungs*, and the *capillary combustion increased.* Hunger is the *notice* (given by our body) to remind us *that our food-fuel must be replenished.*

Q. Why have persons who follow *hard, out-of-doors occupations* more *appetite* than those who are engaged in *sedentary* pursuits?

A. Hard bodily labor in the open air *causes much oxygen* to be conveyed into the *lungs by inspiration*; the combustion of the food is carried on quickly; *animal heat increased*; and need for nutritious food more quickly indicated by *craving hunger.*

Q. Why have persons who follow *sedentary pursuits* less *appetite* than ploughmen and masons?

A. 1st.—Because the air they inhale *is less pure*, being deprived of some of its oxygen; and

2nd.—Their respiration is neither *so quick, nor so strong*; and, therefore, the combustion of their food is carried on more slowly.

Q. Why do persons feel *lazy* and averse to exercise when they are *half-starved or ill-fed?*

A. *Animal food* contains great nourishment, and produces a desire for *active occupations*; but, when the body is not supplied with strong food, this desire for muscular action ceases, and the person grows slothful.

Q. Why does *singing* make us *hungry?*

A. Because it *increases respiration*; and, as *more oxygen* is introduced into the lungs, *our food-fuel is more rapidly consumed.*

Q. Why are the *ill-fed* instinctively *averse to cleanliness?*

A. Because *cleanliness increases hunger*, which they cannot allay by food.

Q. Why does a man *shrink* when *starved?*

A. Because the capillary fires feed upon the human *body*, when they are not supplied with food-fuel. A starved man shrinks, *just as a fire does*, when it is not supplied with fuel.

Q. When a man is *starved* what parts of the body go first?

A. First the *fat*, because it is the most combustible; then the *muscles*; last of all the *brain*; and then the man dies, like a *candle which is burnt out.*

Q. Why does *want* of sufficient *nourishment* often produce *madness?*

A. Because after the *fat and muscles* of the body have been consumed by animal combustion, the *brain* is next attacked; and (unless the patient dies) *madness ensues.*—*From "Familiar Science," edited by R. E. Peterson.*

For Housekeepers.

Squashes or Cymlins.—If they are old and tough peel them, but if they are young, and the rind is tender, they are better cooked with the skin on. The round squashes may be cooked whole, but the long ones must be cut in two or three pieces, according to the size of the vessel they are to be cooked in. Stew in as little water as possible, till they are soft. Take them out, drain, and press them as dry as you can. Then put them in a stew-pan, add butter, pepper and salt to the taste. Add some cream if you have it. Heat them very hot and serve them.

The Moth.—A great fuss is usually made "about this time," to keep off that delicate and beautiful little insect, the Moth Miller. She has certain instincts, as well as other people, and they lead her to deposit her eggs where food can be found when her young are "born into the world." So she, like a good mother, looks about industriously and claps an egg here and there under the seams of our best woollen coat, or in madam's wrist-cuffs, or boas, or muff; or, for want of better shelter and more refined feeding, will deposit half a score of eggs among the hair of the buffalo robes that hang in the carriage house. Now this is very innocent and commendable conduct throughout all bugdom, but is looked upon by us as a peculiarly insinuating proceeding by the bugs, and a form of deposit not altogether approved.

So the good housewife tries to defend herself with cedar closets, camphor drawers, rosemary, sassafras leaves, and other delectable odors, but the bugs care no more for them than does a hectoring gallant for a tap with his lady's fan; they are true to their instincts still, and will continue to be so in spite of all the nostrums of Æsculapius and all his disciples!

But, fair lady, there is one *infallible* remedy; simple, and always within reach. Shake your garments or furs well, and tie them up *tight* in a pillow-case, or any cotton or linen bag, and hang that in the garret, or any where under cover, and your valuables *will be perfectly safe from the ravages of the moth.*—*N. E. Farmer.*

Agricultural.

MECHANISM OF A HORSE.

At the show of the New York State Agricultural Society in 1851, a report on blood horses was made by John B. Wheeler, of Burlington, Vt., the object of which appeared to be to extol this breed to the disparagement of all others. The document evinced considerable skill in framing false premises and making deductions therefrom to suit a particular purpose. In fact, the design seems to have been not so much to exclude errors from the report, as to weave them together in so intricate a manner that the task of unravelling them should appear too formidable to be undertaken. The tangled condition in which the subject is left, reminds one of the expression of the man who, when he had engaged a job he had not the ability to accomplish, declared that he would "fix it so that it could not be done by anybody else."

The report begins by asking the question, "What is a horse wanted for?" And the answer given is,—"He is wanted for speed on the road, and for conveying heavy loads quickly." The authors of the report deem this the "peculiar attribute of the horse," and they go on to say that it is found in the "blood horse in the highest perfection," and that therefore "too much can hardly be said of the importance of a liberal dash of blood in all grades of horses. On the road it is necessary, and at the plough or the truck it will tell wonderfully." From the indefinite expression, "a liberal dash," we might be left to guess at the amount of the blood of the race horse which draft or truck horses should possess, but some light is thrown on this by what follows. "The farmer, with half or three-quarter bloods, can plough his half acre a day more than with common farm horses. He can safely reckon that his *blood* will haul his load some miles further in a day than a common team." The meaning of the last sentence probably is, that the racing blood of the horses (not the blood of the man) would enable them to do more work in a day than could be done by horses which had not this blood.

The report proceeds to speak of the importance of a "thorough acquaintance with the anatomy of the horse"—of the mechanical laws concerned in the movements of the horse—of the necessity of "rope-like muscles," and various other matters, assuming some positions very inconsistent with the laws of mechanism and anatomy.

We are pleased, however, that the absurdities of this report have been shown up by one who has proved himself fully competent to the task. M. Cuming, of St. John, N. B.,—who we understand is a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons of London and Edinburgh,—has given it a critical and elaborate review, through the columns of the *Country Gentleman*. Want of space precludes our giving the review in detail, but as the subject is one of much interest and importance to farmers, and in fact to all who either breed or use horses, we are confident we shall render a service by making the following extract:

The "remarks" in the report are ostensibly on thorough-bred horses only, and seem designed to enlighten on two topics; namely, the purposes for which they are most useful, and the form of parts best suited to fulfil these purposes. As on neither of these points does the dicta of the "remarks" seem to agree with the acknowledged teachings of science; and as this difference, if it exist, is of consequence to be determined, I propose briefly to consider some of the leading statements of each.

The blood horse beats every other animal for speed; therefore, the blood horse is the most suitable for draught. Such, whether logical or not, is the style of argument of the "remarks." But instead of saying so plainly at the beginning, as a foundation on which to base the rest of their position, they introduce it like the thick end of a wedge, at the end. To point out, therefore, the unsoundness of the reasoning on which the "remarks" proceed, the point of the wedge must be looked for. This is to be found in the first sentence, "What is the horse wanted for?" asks the report. "He is wanted for speed on the road, and for conveying heavy loads quickly." It is this "conveying of *heavy loads quickly*," that forms the first point of divergence from the data of science, ending in the broadly palpable error of making the fine boned, quick tempered, blood or race horse, the most suitable animal for the plough, the wagon or the truck.

Fast motion and heavy draught, are things incompatible together. Carried to an extreme, they are physically so; even within moderate limits, they cannot be profitably combined. For the purposes of draught generally, that horse is the best that will haul the greatest amount of weight from one point to another in a given time—say a week, a month, or a year—no matter what his rate of speed be. The rate of speed at which a horse, even a blood-horse, can use his muscles most advantageously for draught, is walking at the rate of about three miles an hour, certainly much under four. For all increase above this, the load has to be reduced in a ratio greater than the speed augments. For example, take a horse capable of drawing a load of 30 cwt. at three miles an hour, load him with 15 cwt. and drive him six in the same time, or with 7½ cwt. and drive twelve, and mark the difference at the hour's end. Those who have tried this experiment, find that at double the rate of speed one-third of the load, instead of one-half, is quite enough. And for this there is an obvious physiological cause. The motions of the horse are produced by muscular contraction, but this contraction does not take place instantaneously. Like every other animal act, it takes a certain definite space of time for its accomplishment, and this time is regulated by the amount of resistance to be overcome. The greater the resistance, the longer time does the muscles take to contract to their full power. Every one who ever lifted a heavy weight, or tried any other hard muscular labor, knows this. If it were recognized in the working of the horse, it would save the bone and muscle of many a good and faithful servant, and the pocket of many a well intended but unthinking owner.

Suppose, now, the "remarks" to be amended of this their first fallacy, and that they read "He is wanted for speed on the road, and for the conveyance of heavy loads." This gives us two distinct and attainable objects for which horses are wanted, and to which they may be profitably applied; but the question occurs, can we combine them? Can we use one horse *profitably* for both? for I fancy that profit must, in the end, be the rule by which to decide.

The structure of the horse, physical and mechanical, indicates the two uses, in their perfection, as being incompatible; and experience corroborates the inductions of science. The development of parts necessary to enable a horse to draw powerfully, are in every respect different; and in a good many opposite to those giving the capacity of speed. It is in accordance with the laws of motion, that when heavy bodies are to be moved, heavy bodies should be employed to move them, so that the momentum of the moving body may in some measure equal the inertia of the body to be moved. When this is not the case in horses put to draught, a greater proportional amount of muscular expenditure is required, because it is muscle acting not only against the inertia of the body to be moved, but also (unless on perfectly smooth, level, and hard surfaces,) against much of its momentum. But muscular action is only one of a series of acts necessary to the accomplishment of draught. All the more important muscles concerned in motion act through tendons. These tendons being attached to the bones, operate on them as on a series of levers. It is of equal importance, therefore, that the bones and tendons (the levers and cords) be strong, to resist the strain thrown upon them, as it is for the muscles to be powerful to contract. When this is not the case, the muscular system, by continued selection and education, is cultivated to a high state of development, as in the race or blood horse; and in concurrence with this, for the sake of fleetness on the turf, the bones, tendons, and feet are fined down to the greatest possible degree of lightness; when a horse so formed is put to draught purposes, even of an ordinary kind, not to speak of "drawing heavy loads quickly," what can we expect but that the animal machine will give way at some of its points, and splint or spavin, strain, ringbone, contraction or some of the other ills to which horse limbs are liable, be the result. In development of bone and tendon, therefore, that is in size of limb, the horse most efficient and durable for heavy draught, stands at the opposite extreme from the one best suited for speed. But this is not the only difference; many of the *proportions* of the bones are different also, especially if it be speed to trot that is wished, (for it must be borne in mind that speed to trot and speed to gallop are by no means dependent on the same form of parts.) For instance, important points in the horse that would be powerful to draw, are large development of the glutæi muscles, great length between the traverse ridge of the ilium and insertion of the femur or thigh bone, horizontal position of the shaft of the ilium, obtuse angle between it and the femur, and prominence of the trochanters of the last-named bone. The reverse of all this, nearly, are the points belonging to a horse fast to trot. A sloping ilium, forming also an acute angle with the thigh bone, and small development of the trochanters of the same, are of first importance. Then again in the foot extremity. The shoulder of the fast horse should be broad, thin, flat, and sloping backwards; that of the one for heavy draught, will be of but little use unless upright, thick, strong, and fleshy. These differences, with more that could be mentioned, if needed, are sufficient to set aside "heavy draught" altogether from the catalogue of accomplishments of the blood or race horse, and to limit his services to "speed" and draught, light in proportion to his size and pace. They are also enough to show the groundless premises on which the conclusions of the "remarks" are based, in as far as the use of thorough-bred horses goes.

The Potato Rot.—Professor Bollman, a Russian Councillor of State, has published a work on the prevention of potato rot. He discovered, accidentally, and has subsequently verified by experiment, the fact that seed potatoes, thoroughly dried, will produce a sound crop. The Courier, which gives an account of this discovery, says:

"The temperature required to produce the desired result is not very clearly made out. Mr. Bollman's room, in which his first potatoes were dried, was heated to about 72 deg., and much higher. By way of experiment, he placed others in the chamber of the stove itself, where the thermometer stood at 186 deg., and more. He also ascertained that the vitality of the potato is not affected, even if the rind is charred."

Injury by the Canker Worm.—The foliage of many apple trees in this vicinity, has been eaten by the canker worm this season. We do not understand why the insect should have been permitted to do such extensive damage. If any attention had been given to the trees at the time the insect ascended for the purpose of depositing its eggs, it must have been seen in great numbers. The ordinary mode of tarring the trees would have prevented their ascent; but as tar is injurious to the trees, it is best to first fasten round them a belt of coarse cloth, over which may be applied a coating of clay-wash, and the tar then laid on this. It thus answers all the purposes of catching the insect, and does not injure the tree.—*Boston Cultivator.*

The Olio.

How to Make Money Fast and Honestly.—Enter into a business of which you have a perfect knowledge. In your own right, or by the aid of friends on long time, have a cash capital sufficient to do, at least, a cash business. Never venture on a credit business on commencement. Buy all your goods or materials for cash; you can take every advantage of the market, and pick and choose where you will. Be careful not to overstock yourself. Rise and fall with the market, on short stocks. Always stick to those whom you prove to be strictly just in their transactions, and shun all others, even at a temporary disadvantage. Never take advantage of a customer's ignorance, nor equivocate, nor misrepresent. Have but one price and a small profit, and you will find all the most profitable customers—the cash ones—or they will find you.

If ever deceived in business transactions, never attempt to save yourself by putting the deception upon others; but submit to the loss, and be more cautious in future. According to the character or extent of your business, set aside a liberal per centage for printing and advertising, and do not hesitate. Never let an article, parcel, or package, go out from you without a handsomely printed label, wrapper, card or circular, and dispense them continually. Choose the newspaper for your purpose, and keep yourself unceasingly before the public; and it matters not what business of utility you make choice of, for if intelligently and industriously pursued, a fortune will be the result.

The Volunteer and the Regular.—The Regular in this anecdote, from Baron Muffling's *Passages from My Life*, is an orderly-officer, captured by Marshal Blucher, and sitting at dinner with him in the Castle of Brienne, while it was cannonaded by the French army:—"The usual cheerfulness reigned during the dinner. Some French balls went through the castle. The field-marshal made excuses to his guest, and directed an officer of his guard to take him to a safe place to finish his dinner; but the French officer declared, that he found himself in too good company to leave them. There was, amongst the guests, a man who, as a volunteer defender of his country, was not a soldier by profession, and was so incommoded by the noise of the balls, and the cracking of the falling panels in the walls over our head, that he kept changing color, and moving his chair here and there, as if he wished to avoid the falling-in of the ceiling. As all eyes were directed on this restless person, the field-marshal called to him across the table: 'Does this castle belong to you?' 'To me? No.' 'Then you may be quite easy; the castle is solidly built, the cost of repairs will not be considerable, and at any-rate you will not have to pay for them.'"

How to Become Aristocratic.—Mr. Mechi, of razor-strop and high farming celebrity, has been instructing the people of Colchester "how to become aristocratic." Such was the subject upon which he lectured to the Mechanics' Institute. His recipe was not a bad one; we can give it in one word—*excel!* He says: "It has been my privilege to mix somewhat frequently with our nobility, and I can only say that their society is most agreeable and instructive, and that the more you know of them, the better you will like them. It is at all times pleasant to meet with persons of refinement, education and travel. There is in such people a deferential regard to *etiquette* and good breeding, which softens and polishes the asperities of our nature. I cannot like clumsiness or ignorance. I would rather have my pockets cleverly picked by an accomplished member of the swell-mob, than be knocked on the head by a clumsy foot-pad. A man is a man, whether in ermine or fustian; but, I do say, however good he may be, he, like sterling gold or solid granite, will be all the better for polishing."

Amusing Names.—Goodell, in his account of his Missionary labors in Turkey, gives the following names of Turkish females. It would seem that the fair of Turkey are very select in their choice of names:

"Doodoo, in American," says Mr. Goodell, "signifies Miss; and it is always placed after the name instead of before it, as with us. Takoohi Doodoo is Miss Queen. This is a very common name with the Armenians, and we have always had several of that name in school. Soorpoohi Doodoo is Miss Holiness. Aroosiag Doodoo is Miss Morning Star. This Miss Morning Star is now an assistant in the school, and a very important helper. Avbraxie Doodoo is Miss Good Works. Sophik Doodoo is Miss Wisdom. This Miss Wisdom has recently been married to Mr. Glad Tidings, viz.:—Avedis, which in American signifies good news or glad tidings. Another one has been married to Mr. Resurrection, viz.:—Harootun."

Misunderstanding a Missionary.—Sam Slick says the following story is true:—

"Those wise men of Goshen sent a missionary once to the Burmese. Well, one day he built a bamboo tent near one of their temples, and as the heathens were goin' to idolotrize, he stood at the door to preach to them, and convert them. He took for his text that passage that refers to livin' water that quenches thirst for ever. Well, it was a capital text, if they could have understood it; but they didn't; and till they ran as hard as they could lick, and what was his horror when he saw them all return with cans, cups, gourds, calabashes, and what not, for the fluid; and when they found he hadn't it, they pulled down his bamboo camp, and took the sticks and thrashed him a'most to death. In fact, he never did get over it. He died from that are beaten. They called him a Yankee cheat, and it lowered our great nation amazingly—fact, I assure you."

An Inconvenient Title.—In our recent remarks on the unrepublican affectation for titles too commonly displayed in this country, we said that we would abolish that tribute to vanity—"Esquire," as a bad foreign importation. It did not then occur to us that Esquire sometimes proves a very inconvenient title. In Italy, for instance, American travellers have sometimes roundly abused the Post-Office, and suspected the honesty of the Postmasters, when "Esquire" was the cause of all the mischief. Postmasters take the "Esquire," or "Esq." to be the principal name of the gentleman to whom the letter is addressed, and plain John Jones is denied the letter which lies in the office for "John Jones, *Esq.*"

Comets, doubtless, answer some wise and good purpose in the creation; so do women. Comets are incomprehensible, beautiful, and eccentric; so are women. Comets confound the most learned, when they attempt to ascertain their nature; so do women. Comets equally excite the admiration of the philosopher and of the clod of the valley; so do women. Comets and women, therefore, are closely analogous; but the nature of which being inscrutable, all that remains for us to do is, to view with admiration the one, and, almost to adoration, love the other.—*Rymolt's Scrap Book.*

SONG.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Sing a low song!
A tender cradling measure, soft and low,
Not sad, not long,
But such as we remember long ago,
When time, now old, was flying
Over the sunny seasons, bright and fleet,
And the red rose was lying
Among a crowd of flowers all too sweet.

Sing o'er the bier!
The bell is swinging in the time-worn tower;
He's gone who late was here,
As fresh as manhood in its lustiest hour;
A song to each brief season,
Winter and shining summer, doth belong,
For some sweet human reason,—
O'er cradle or the coffin still a song.

Wonders of Nature.—One of the most remarkable features of animated nature is the vast multitudes in which certain species exist. Nature has invested several of the lower orders of her children with a fruitfulness which, when contrasted with that of the more complicated and perfect animals, seems truly wonderful. When it is stated that a single pair of corn weevils—a grub well known for its ravages amongst grain—it is supposed to produce 6,000 descendants in one season, we have comparatively an ordinary fact in insect generation. It has been calculated that the queen of the domestic bee lays in Spring 12,000,000 eggs within the space of twenty days. More wonderful still, the female ant lays 80,000 eggs per day. And yet nature has been ascertained to give to certain creatures a much greater power of production. An eminent naturalist has proved that, in five generations, the aphis, or plant louse, may be the mother of nearly 6,000,000,000 of descendants. The females of this species may be isolated under a tumbler, and yet they will continue to breed; females descended from them, if taken at their birth, and also isolated, will breed in like manner; and this phenomenon will go on for many generations. [We give this last assertion as we find it, though we doubt its truth.]

How Indigo is Prepared.—The indigo is a shrub-like plant, two or three feet high, with delicate blue green leaves, which, at the harvest time, about the month of August, are cut close off to the stem, tied into bundles, and laid in great wooden tubs. Planks are then laid on them, and great stones to cause a pressure, and then water is poured over them, and after a day or two the liquor begins to foment. In this process of fermentation lies the principal difficulty, and every thing depends on allowing it to continue just the proper time. When the water has acquired a dark green color, it is poured off into other tubs, mixed with lime, and stirred with wooden shovels till a blue composite separates itself from the water, which is then allowed to run off. The remaining substance, the indigo, is then put into linen bags, through which the moisture filters, and as soon as the indigo is dry and hard, it is broken into pieces and packed up. Indigo is cultivated in the East Indies to a considerable extent.

The Ship Captain.—The master of the ship seemeth to be idle, to sit still and to do nothing. He stirreth not the pump, he draweth not the oars, he soundeth not the deep, he rideth not the ropes, he scaleth not the shrouds, he runneth not hither and thither, forward and backward, under the hatches or above. He sitteth still, holding his peace, and looketh upon the loadstar, and in appearance doth nothing. But his labor passeth all the rest. Without his labor, all the pains which the other mariners take were lost. Were it not for his labor, the ship would soon strike upon rocks, or be staid in the sands, and they should all perish. So it fareth with princes and counsellors, bishops, preachers, and other sorts of learned men, who neither plough nor sow, nor hedge, nor ditch, nor use such painful labor of the body. They seem to do nothing, yet they do all things which is for the peace, and the wealth, and the safeguard of all the people.—*Jewell.*

Intemperance.—There is a very beautiful and instructive story on this point, the products of those Eastern lands were men are tempted both by the influence of the skies and also the influence and character of their religion, false and mistaken as it otherwise is. It is said that a certain poor sinner was doomed to commit one of three great sins, and had the choice which he would fall into. The first sin was murder; the second was something very bad, though we cannot now remember exactly what it was; and the third was to get drunk. The poor sinner, left to his own weak, unassisted judgment, ventured on getting drunk, as being in appearance, free of the atrocious character of the two other crimes offered to him, and perhaps being to his taste not wholly abhorrent. He made his selection and got drunk, and then committed the other two crimes as accompaniments to the crime of his choice.

Poisons.—It was Liebig's theory that arsenic proves poisonous not by virtue, so to speak, of its own venom, but by arresting those processes of decomposition and destruction which are always going on among the solids and fluids of the body, as an essential agency of life. Dr. Cockle, of England, in his late pamphlet on "the poison of the Cobra di Capello," thinks the poison of that serpent acts by promoting these those processes. Granting that both are so, the poison of the cobra and arsenic may be quoted as types of two different classes of poison, the septic and anti-septic.—*New Orleans.*

Curious Epitaphs.—In a country graveyard in New Jersey, there is a plain stone erected, over the grave of a beautiful young lady, with only this inscription upon it:

"Julia Adams died of thin shoes, April 17, 1839, aged 19."

One stone more conspicuous than the rest has this single inscription upon it:

"Here lies the body of John Jones, who never *held an office.* An honest man."

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 1, 4, 10, 8, 17, 10, is a town in Western New York.
My 2, 9, 8, is a river in the United States.
My 3, 7, 13, 18, 7, is a post office in Alabama.
My 4, 14, 19, 7, is a volcano.
My 5, 12, 10, 10, 17, 9, is a county in Michigan.
My 6, . 9, 10, 7, is a girl's name.
My 7, 10, 15, is an insect.
My 8, 4, 9, 3, is an animal.
My 9, 7, 19, is what we all do.
My 10, 17, 14, is an adverb.
My 11, 7, 10, 19, 4, 9, is a river in South Carolina.
My 12, 8, 4, 19, is a river in Europe.
My 13, 8, 10, is seen on the table.
My 14, 19, 9, 10, 19, 17, 16, is a capital of one of the States.
My 15, 6, 7, 9, is part of the body.
My 16, 7, 2, 10, 9, 10, was a celebrated soldier of the Revolution.
My 17, 10, 14, 4, 8, is an animal.
My 18, 12, 6, 9, is a celebrated city.
My 19, 7, 3, 4, is a weed.
My 20, 17, 2, 11, 9, is a domestic animal.
My whole is a justly celebrated authoress.
N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 29 letters.
My 1, 16, 17, 10, 11, is a reptile.
My 2, 25, 10, 27, is a relation.
My 16, 3, 6, 23, 9, 18, is a noisy quarrel.
My 6, 29, 16, 11, is a musical instrument.
My 5, 4, 22, 20, is used in building.
My 7, 2, 10, 26, 16, 21, 23, is an element of [illegible]
My 10, 11, 28, 27, 6, 11, is a weight.
My 23, 13, 20, 7, 21, 8, 14, 17, 27, 13, is a city in [illegible]
My 1, 25, 29, 27, 9, 19, is the name given the [illegible] a country in Europe.
My 5, 26, 20, 12, 13, 6, 22, 17, is one of the U. [illegible]
My 19, 21, 26, 11, is the plural of a valuable [illegible]
My 27, 16, 9, 28, is an article used by the housewife.
My 15, 3, 17, 22, 7, is a coin.
My 15, 2, 9, 23, 24, 26, is a bird of prey.
My whole is situated in the State of New York; it is a place of great resort to sportsmen.
Franklin Falls. B.

CHARADE.

My First—is a term slaves make use of when [illegible] their owners.
My Second—is a manner in which some [illegible] bacon.
My Third—are used by butchers when "dressing [illegible]"
My whole—is a star in our "glorious Union."

PROBLEM.

A father divided a number of peaches among [illegible] dren as follows: To A he gave ⅓ wanting [illegible] ⅓ of the remainder, and 1-20 of the whole, [illegible] the remainder, which was 1-5 of the whole [illegible] What was the share of each? A. S.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When is a sailor not a sailor? Ans.—When a-board.

☞ When is a baby like a cannibal? Ans.—When it eats its "pap."

☞ Why are little boys that loaf about [illegible] like hardware merchants? Ans.—Because they [illegible] and steel (steal) for a living.

☞ Why is a crockery merchant like a [illegible]—Because they both have a great dislike to [illegible]

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.—The Lebanon Valley Railroad.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.—The Spirit [illegible]

CHARADE.—Bourbon.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.—48½ cents.